Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Cocklin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

GENERAL THOMAS CARR, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 2, '12

HERWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney R. Hartley, Chancellor Commander; Robert E. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 2, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain F. A. C. Stuart; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 236, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

I. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE, President, Joe. Dandeler; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

For Perry Day.

THE Perry Day Celebration Committee held a meeting on Wednesday, at which the tentative programme was revised and some changes were made. It was decided to have the principal events of the day in the afternoon and evening. There will be a street parade in the afternoon, starting at 1.30, and covering the usual route of march, and returning to the Mall at 2.30. There will be an oration on the Mall at that hour by Mr. Thomas Sargent Perry, a grandson of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. The band stand will probably be used for the exercises on the Mall, at which Mayor MacLeod will preside, and there will be chorus singing of patriotic airs. At the conclusion of the exercises there the line will be re-formed and will proceed to the grave of Commodore Perry in the Island Cemetery. There will be a short programme of exercises at the grave, and the eulogy will be delivered by a prominent speaker. It is expected that the exercises at the grave will be terminated at about 3.30, at which hour a national salute will be fired from Fort Adams in commemoration of the hour of the victory on Lake Erie.

In the evening, there will be quite an elaborate illumination of the Mall, electric lights being used among the trees. There will be a band concert also, one of the best bands of the city being engaged, patriotic airs being a feature of the musical programme.

The street railway conditions have been rather worse than usual during the past week. The management of the road seems to have fallen down utterly in its attempts to handle the traffic to the Beach, even with the added accommodations furnished by the double-tracking on Bathroad. The keeping of a long line of cars on Franklin street while awaiting the arrival of the boats at Commercial wharf is a nuisance that should not be tolerated another season, as the company is perfectly able to secure waiting room on Commercial wharf if they are willing to pay for it. The idea of allowing the company to save money by economizing on rent at the expense of traffic through the city streets is ridiculous.

Owing to the fact that the local peddlers who have been selling the ice of the Relief Ice Company at cut prices felt that they were not getting rich fast enough at the price that they were allowed to charge the retail customers they have been permitted to increase the retail rate from fifty to sixty cents a hundred. A number of the peddlers threatened to quit last Saturday unless the increase should go into effect and the managing committee finally agreed to it. In consequence, the lower half of the placards attached to the wagons was quickly torn off, and householders were left to guess at the price of ice.

Scout Master Alfred R. Gatzenmeier took a party of some twenty Boy Scouts to Lawton's Valley on Monday to camp out for the night. The party returned Tuesday afternoon pretty well tired out, but still delighted with their trip. Most of the boys were those who were unable to go on the longer hike to the Blue Hills a few weeks ago.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, when the business transacted was largely of a routine nature. Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health	$1,831.92
City Asylum	122.81
Fire department	1,241.55
Streets and highways	6,791.12
Police	811.08
Poor, outdoor relief	296.66
Public parks	161.58
Public schools	5,992.26
Various offices	140.70
City documents and tax book	2,625.10
City Hall	817.70
Street lights	3,281.83
Hospitals	784.83
Elections	66.07
Public celebrations, fleet	243.14
Playgrounds	14.10
Courts	9.00
Beach improvement	6.72
Touro Synagogue fund	8.75
Dog fund	62.00
Powder house	24.00
	$24,455.20

F. W. Bulmelander, one of the executors of the will of Mary A. D. Skinner, presented a petition asking that the tax assessed against her estate be cancelled, on the ground that there was no property to tax. Her estate consisted merely of a life interest in the estate of her mother, and at her death this ceased to exist. The petition was referred to the assessors of taxes.

One matter quite out of the ordinary routine came up. Mrs. Estelle W. Smith and Mrs. Florence S. Rose, both of Jamestown, put in claims for damages for dresses injured by the splashing of muddy water on Thames street. The petitioners claimed that they stood in the entrance of the Boston Store on the morning of July 11, when a passing wagon splashed muddy water onto their dresses. They were sent to a cleaning establishment, and the owners asked the city to reimburse them for the expenses of the cleaning. Mrs. Smith asked for $3.00 and Mrs. Rose for $2.50. The matter was referred to the city solicitor and the street commissioner.

George A. Wilcox, formerly a member of the Newport police force and more recently a member of the Capitol Police at Washington until displaced by the Democratic administration, was made a special police officer. He succeeds the late Captain Briggs as watchman at the W. W. Sherman estate.

There was considerable discussion about the drainage at the Beach, the inspector of plumbing being called upon to explain the situation there. Upon his recommendation the street commissioner was authorized to fix a grease trap, etc., at a cost not to exceed $200.

At the weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening there was considerable business to be considered. Regular bills and payrolls were approved. The Curtis bill for care of the city ambulance for a part of a month went over for further consideration. Several minor licenses were granted.

The protests on the intangible personal property assessment are beginning to come in. Mrs. Blair Fairchild of Paris, assessed for $5000 tangible and $100,000 intangible, said that she had not had her actual abode in Newport for many years and asked for a cancellation. F. S. G. d'Hauteville, Jr., and Paul A. G. d'Hauteville, each assessed for $1000 tangible and $15,000 intangible, say that they have no tangible and that $5000 will cover their intangible. These petitions were referred to the assessors of taxes.

The petition of the Street Railway Company to have the plans for their new construction approved was laid over pending the removal of certain poles. There was considerable discussion about the equipment of the new vault for the use of the assessors of taxes, but the contract was finally awarded to the Crown Metal Construction Company for $370. It is probable that the vault upstairs will be equipped for the use of the school department if the department wishes and the committee was instructed to look into the matter.

Fire engine matters were again brought up. The board thought it was time to place the contract for the new chemical auto, but when it came to a vote it was found that the board was not in harmony and a majority could not be obtained for any make of apparatus. At first an informal ballot was taken, the vote standing Pope Hartford 8, Knox 2, Ahrens Fox 1. Five formal ballots were then taken without result, the last ballot standing 3 for Pope Hartford and 3 for American LaFrance.

Mr. George W. Smith, Jr., son of Mr. George W. Smith of this city, is spending his summer vacation in Cleveland, Ohio, in the employ of the White Automobile Company.

The annual field day of the members of the New England Order of Protection in this State will take place next Saturday at Hunt's Mills, East Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bryant and son Fred, who are spending their vacation in Europe, are now in Paris enjoying the sights of the French capital.

Casino Considers Purchase.

The most interesting annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Casino of recent years was held on Monday, when a proposition to take over the old Ocean House site was laid before the stockholders. The property had been purchased by Henry A. C. Taylor and other members of the board of governors in their individual capacities, and they offered to turn it over to the Casino at actual cost, $50,000, plus brokers' commissions, legal expenses, and taxes for 1913. The following resolutions were laid before the members and were adopted:

1—Resolved, That a committee of three (of whom the chairman of this meeting shall be one) be appointed by the chair to consider the offer made by Henry A. C. Taylor and others to convey to this corporation the property known as the Ocean House site in the city of Newport, for the sum of $50,000, together with broker's commissions and other expenses, paid or to be paid by the said vendors.

2—Resolved, That the said committee be further authorized to examine the financial questions involved, including the means of raising the money necessary to pay for the said property and the probable effect on the future income and expenses of the corporation.

3—Resolved, That if the said committee should be of opinion that it would be expedient for this corporation to acquire a part, but not the whole, of the Ocean House site, the committee be instructed to confer with the present owners and report as to how much of said land the Casino should acquire and what the cost thereof would be.

4—Resolved, That the said committee present their report at an adjourned meeting of stockholders to be held at the Casino on Saturday, the thirteenth day of August, 1913, at 11 o'clock in the morning of that day.

5—Resolved, That the said committee, if they deem it expedient to do so, may send a summary of their report to the stockholders in advance of the adjourned meeting, and may request proxies sent to them for said adjourned meeting.

School Committee.

There was a special meeting of the school committee last Saturday afternoon, which lasted for only about fifteen minutes, practically all the business being the consideration of a report from the committee on teachers. The following recommendations of that committee were adopted:

First—That the resignation of Mr. Crandall, principal of Lenthal, be accepted.

Second—That Mr. Irvin T. Henshaw, principal of Potter, be transferred at $1200 to Lenthal.

Third—That Henry W. Robinson, a graduate of the Hyannis Normal School, who has had so principal of grammar schools a successful experience for six years in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, be elected principal of the Potter, at $1000.

Fourth—That the resignation of Miss Feeney, Lenthal IV, after a faithful service of 14 years, be accepted.

Fifth—That Miss Mary I. Leddy, a graduate of the Rogers High School and the Rhode Island State Normal School, and an assistant in the Lenthal and Coddington schools, be elected to Lenthal IV at $440.

Sixth—That Miss Caswell, principal of Cranston, be given a leave of absence for one term.

Seventh—That the committee on teachers be authorized to secure a substitute, at not more than $100 per month, for Miss Caswell.

In the District Court on Tuesday there was a hearing on the case of State vs. John W. Henry, the colored man charged with assault with a knife on John Dillon on the night of July 16. This was the result of a scrap among sailors on Levin street, and precipitated a near riot. After hearing all the evidence of the prosecution the defendant was discharged, the court finding that there had been no evidence to connect him with the cutting. Several witnesses were heard. The testimony was to the effect that three sailors had been drinking beer and had an altercation on Levin street. One fell against the door of Henry's laundry and was kicked out. He tried to enter the building and was cut, but no evidence was adduced to show that Henry did the cutting.

Mrs. Edward L. Tilley, formerly of this city, died at the residence of her son, Mr. George W. Tilley, in Winchester, Mass., on Friday, in her ninety-fifth year. She had many friends among the older residents of Newport, where most of her life had been spent. She is survived by a son, Mr. George W. Tilley of Winchester, and a stepson, Mr. Henry H. Tilley of Newport, as well as by several brothers and sisters. The remains will be brought to this city for interment on Sunday.

Mrs. Emily C. Carrasco is very critically ill at her apartment on Broadway, and for the past few weeks she has failed steadily. Mrs. Carrasco is a sister of the late Dr. William H. Cotton and for the past year or so has resided with Mrs. Gladding on Broadway. Her health has been poor for a long time and there is now no hope for her recovery.

Rev. Louis P. Nissen is spending his vacation with relatives in this city.

Another Naval Riot.

There was a lively row on Washington square last Saturday evening, as the result of the overbearing attitude of the sailors toward the colored population. Had it not been for this attitude the trouble would not have started, although the sequel was caused by a mere ridiculous accident.

There was a band concert in the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A., concluding with the Star Spangled Banner. Nearly everybody in the large crowd within and without the building stood with head uncovered during the rendition of the national air. A small party of colored men came down the street and when they did not conform to the attitude of the others, some sailors tried to make them. There was an exchange of words, and at the critical moment an automobile exploded with a report like a pistol shot. There was an immediate shout that a colored man had shot a sailor and the big crowd was soon in pursuit of Ollie White, one of the colored men. He took refuge in a store near by while the big crowd stormed outside. The police reserves were summoned and the fleet patrol came up on the run, and White was rescued and taken to the police station for safe keeping. There was no charge against him, and he was allowed to go as soon as the crowd was dispersed.

Motor Chemical on the Way.

Newport is still without its chemical engine, although there is hope that it may come some time as a bill of lading has been received showing that it was shipped from East St. Louis on August 2nd. This of course was way past the contract time for shipment, but no explanation is offered for the delay. The board of aldermen were so exasperated by the long delay in shipment that they eliminated the Robinson Company from consideration in connection with the contract for the other motor chemical that was authorized by the representative council.

It seems now as though the Pope Hartford chemical had the inside track for the new contract. A number of the members of the board of aldermen took a little trip on Sunday to look over apparatus of this make in other places, and were apparently much pleased with what they saw.

The monthly meeting of the Newport Improvement Society was held on Monday morning at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society. An amendment to the constitution was adopted whereby the membership of the executive committee will be increased from seven to ten, and a fourth vice president will be created, the change to go into effect at the annual meeting in September. The plans for the general improvement of the city as prepared by Mr. Olmstead, the landscape architect, were discussed. These will be shown to the public at an illustrated lecture to be given in the Rogers High School hall at some subsequent date.

A suit in equity has been filed in the Superior Court by Mrs. John R. Abney, asking that Mrs. H. McK. Twombly be restrained from obstructing the way known as a continuance of Leroy avenue. Mrs. Abney is a daughter of the late Senator Pendleton and is the owner of the Pendleton property on the Cliffs. Mrs. Twombly owns the handsome estate, "Vinland," adjoining. Some time ago some of the trees on the Twombly estate, which overhang the way, were trimmed up without Mrs. Twombly's consent, and it is quite evident that all is not harmonious on the adjoining estates.

The big "Mother Goose" party given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at "Crossways" on Friday night of last week was a great success, many novel features being introduced. One of the novelties that called forth universal comment was the Mother Goose folder, containing verses to the memory of this excellent woman. The front page contained a picture of a witch, mounted on her goose, flying through the sky. This was printed in colors and hand illuminated. All the work on this folder was done at the MERCURY OFFICE.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Cook, Miss Isabelle and Master Charles Lloyd Cook are spending several days at the Belle Vue. Mr. Cook is a New York publisher, general representative of the Newport Social Index, and associated with the Newport Horse Show.

Mr. William H. Geraghty, an employee of the highway department, and a cab driver in his spare time, died very suddenly Monday night following an attack of acute indigestion. He is survived by a widow and one child.

The police have had another of those foolish jokes purporting to be a message in a bottle. The last has been identified as a joke on some young men in New Haven. It is a very foolish way of being funny.

New York Yacht Club.

The vessels of the New York Yacht Club, arrived in Newport harbor on Wednesday afternoon, after a rather interesting run from the westward. There was rather a larger number than usual, and they made a beautiful picture as they sailed or steamed into the harbor and dropped anchor. There were many of the largest of the steam yachts in the fleet, as well as many of the crack racing yachts. The big schooner Elena, owned by Morton F. Plant, left the harbor on Thursday on account of the death of Mrs. Plant, and this was a great disappointment to yachtsmen generally.

The race for the Astor cups was sailed off this port on Thursday, there being a number of entries in both the sloop and schooner classes. Had there been wind the race would undoubtedly have been a fine one, but there was hardly a breath of air all day and the contest degenerated into a drifting match. In consequence those who set out to follow the racers soon tired of it and returned to port, leaving only the judges boat and one or two others outside. The winner in the schooner class was the Elena, owned by Morton F. Plant, while the contest for sloops was won by the 50-footer Carolina II, owned by Pembroke Jones.

The Goelet cup races were set for Friday, and weather conditions on that day were about as disappointing as the day before. There was little wind stirring, although it came up a little as the day advanced. There was much activity about the landing of the Yacht Club station, and many parties went out to follow the racers.

Greene Memorial Association.

The annual meeting of the General Nathaniel Greene Memorial Association was held in this city on Thursday when the following officers were elected:

President—Frederick P. Carrington, Newport.

Vice President—Wilfred H. Munro, Providence.

Treasurer—Mrs. Susan A. Bullou, Woonsocket.

Secretary—Henry V. A. Joslin, Providence.

Executive Committee—Arthur W. Benson and Charles Sisson of Providence and Hamilton B. Thompkins, of Newport.

Member of the board of Trustees—Daniel B. Fearing, of Newport.

Patrolman Casey is at the Newport Hospital recovering from a painful operation.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

A class of twelve is to be received into full membership at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham who has been abroad the past two months as delegate to the World's Sunday School convention sailed from Liverpool on the 7th. The regular party returned the 2d but Miss Peckham took an extra trip to Scotland and England.

Mr. Albert Brown of Astoria, Long Island, formerly of Middletown, accompanied by his wife and child, are guests of Mr. Brown's mother, Mrs. Abram A. Brown.

The annual picnic of the parish of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Bethesda in the Woods called out a very large attendance Tuesday. Luncheon was served at 1 o'clock and at 2.30, a program of sports was enjoyed. A large watermelon was the reward for a ball game the teams comprising the Sunday School classes of Rev. E. E. Wells and Mr. Fred P. Webber, the latter class being the winner by the score 6 to 5. The other prizes were boxes of candy. In the adult women's event, the classes of Mrs. Wells and Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham played against that of Mrs. Ida M. Brown, the latter side the winner, 71 to 70 points. Mrs. William J. Peckham made the only throw of 7 points. Ice cream and cake were served at 5 o'clock. There was an attendance of over 200.

The annual fair for the benefit of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel will be held Tuesday next at the Berkeley Parish House. A salad supper will be served from 6 to 8.30 under the direction of Mrs. Edward J. Peckham and there will be a musical program by the Harry B. Howard orchestra, with dancing following the supper. Fair opens at 3.30 p. m.

The Island Grangers are planning to attend the State Grange Field Day next Thursday, at Lime Rock Grove, Woonsocket line, the regular meetings of local organizations having been omitted for this purpose. Dinner will be served by the local Grange at 12, and at 2 p. m. there will be a literary program with speaking by State Masters. Several automobile parties will go from Middletown.

The churches of St. Mary's, Portsmouth, and Holy Cross, Middletown, combined in holding their annual lawn party, at Holy Cross Guild House on Wednesday. The affair was well attended and was a complete success. Rev. F. W. Goodman was in general charge, Miss Maud Weaver and Mrs. Wm. Bone were on the decorating committee, and Mrs. Henry I. Cosse of Holy Cross and Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman of St. Mary's, conducted the salad and cold meat supper, the excellency of which was much commended. A large handsome tent on the lawn contained the various booths: cake, Mrs. George W. Thurston; apron, Miss Sarah I. Chase; fine needlework, Mrs. J. Alton Barker; domestic, Miss Norma Coggeshall; candy, Mrs. Fred Coggeshall; Junior Auxiliary, Miss Emeline Brown. A small tent was used for the sale of ice cream which was in charge of Edmund White. Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Manchester and Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman acted as ticket sellers for the supper, which was served in the assembly hall and the Guild room. The tables were under the supervision of Mrs. Willard B. Chase, Mrs. Harold R. Chase, Mrs. Clarence Thurston and Miss Elizabeth P. Anthony. Following the supper, Mrs. Alvin P. Simmons played for dancing.

Mr. Crawford P. Hart, head farmer at Kingston College, is spending the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. V. Hart.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. John Thomas of New York is the guest of his niece, Mrs. Constant C. Chase.

Mrs. Hannah Pierce Faulkner Chase, widow of James S. Chase, died at the home of her son, Luther P. Chase on Monday. Although Mrs. Chase had not been in good health, she had been confined to her bed only about two weeks. She was in her eighty-first year. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Faulkner, and the last of seven children, the others being, Eleanor, wife of John West of New Bedford, Frances, wife of Lawrence Fish, Parker Faulkner, Ruth Ann, Rebecca, Harriet and Benjamin Faulkner. The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon from her late home, services being conducted by Rev. John N. Geisler, of Tolland, Conn., a former pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church here. The bearers were John L. Borden, Perry G. Randall, George R. Hicks and Benjamin Tallman. The interment was in the Portsmouth Cemetery beside her husband, who died many years ago.

Mrs. Etta Marden of Providence is visiting her brother-in-law, Gardner T. Sherman.

Father Rooney of St. Anthony's Church has consulted with the officers of the Newport County Agricultural Society in regard to enlarging Fair Theatre. As a consequence the theatre is to be extended to the boundary line of the grounds to East Main Road. This will give considerable more seating capacity to the theatre. The work is to be begun at once so that it may be finished by the last of August when the members of St. Anthony's Church will give an entertainment, which is now being prepared.

The Ladies' Association of St. Paul's Church held a business meeting with Misses Fanny and Grace Hicks, when the reports of the various committees at the annual lawn party were read. This was the most successful lawn party ever given, financially. It was voted to give a portion of the money to the church. Letters of thanks for special assistance were sent to Mr. Arthur A. Sherman, St. Paul's Guild and the Girl's Auxiliary.

A fire caused by spontaneous combustion was discovered in a large henhouse on the Captain Alfred Chase place recently. Mr. Roland Peckham had been cleaning and spraying the house, but had used no matches in the process, nor had he any matches, nor fire about him. He stood at some distance at work upon the roosts when he discovered the fire. Mrs. John P. Peckham called for assistance and soon all the men and many of the women of the neighborhood were at work putting out the fire or trying to save the other farm buildings which were only about three feet away. The hen house could not be saved and burned to the ground, but the other buildings were saved, the side of the shed being somewhat charred.

Misses Elsie and Alice Brown of Slocum have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. Harry Sherman, and are now guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ward of Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton G. Grinnell of Washington are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grinnell. They are accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Earl and son of Washington.

The Sunday School of the Christian Church held its annual picnic on Wednesday going by special car to Morton Park and the Beach.

The relatives of Mrs. W. W. Anthony celebrated her birthday at her home on Sunday. It was intended as a surprise for Mrs. Anthony, but she learned of the secret from an unexpected source. There were several guests from out of town. Mrs. Anthony received many handsome gifts which included flowers, linen, china and a sum of money.

Mrs. John Armitage (Miss Emma Aplenson) of Providence, who has been soprano soloist at St. Mary's Church for the past year and a half, has resigned. Her place will be filled by Mrs. Walter Meade of Newport.

Mr. Benjamin Dennis, of Providence, who purchased a lot on Freeborn street has had a cottage erected and will soon come to spend the remainder of the summer.

Portsmouth Camp Meeting Association held the last meeting of the season Monday morning and later the members of the society returned to their homes. It is announced that this has been one of the most successful meetings of recent years. A number of new members have been received into the association. Two candidates were baptised in the river at six o'clock Sunday morning. A business meeting was held in which the following officers were elected:— President, Rev. Seth C. Rees, Pasadena, Cal.; First Vice President, Rev. John Norbury, Providence, R. I.; Second Vice President, Rev. John J. H. Hartman, Medford, Mass.; Treasurer, Rev. L. D. Peavey, Malden, Mass.; Secretary, S. W. Beers, New Bedford, Mass.; Directors, Oscar Steele, Daytville and Charles E. Dore, Providence; Superintendent of Grounds, Charles E. Dore.

DANNY'S OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

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CHAPTER XIX.

A Motion to Adjourn.

THEN everybody starts to talk all at once, half of them jumping to their feet and making a perfect bullabaloo of explanations you couldn't get no sense out of. In the midst of which the colonel takes a chair and sets down and crosses one leg over the other, swinging the loose foot and smiling very patient. Which Will remembers he is chairman of that meeting and pounds for order.

"Thank you, Will," says the colonel, "like getting order was a personal favor to him. Then Billy Hayden gets the floor and squares away for a long winded speech telling why. But Buck Hightower jumps up impatient and says:

"We've been through all that, Billy. That man there has been tried and found guilty, colonel, and there's only one thing to do—string him up."

"Buck, I wouldn't," says the colonel, very mild.

But that there man Grimes gets up very sober and steady and says:

"Colonel, you don't understand." And he tells him the hull thing as he believed it to be—why they has voted the doctor must die, the room warming up agin as he talks and the colonel listening very interested. But you could see by the looks of him that colonel wouldn't never be interested so much in anything but himself and his own way of doing things.

"Grimes," he says when the pock-marked man finishes, "I wouldn't. I really wouldn't."

"Colonel," says Grimes, showing his knowledge that they are all standing solid behind him, "we will!"

"Ah!" says the colonel, his eyebrow going up and his face lighting up like he is really beginning to enjoy himself and is glad he come. "Indeed!"

"Yes," says Grimes, "we will!"

"But not," says the colonel, "before we have talked the thing over a bit, I hope."

"There's been too much talk here now," yells Buck Hightower, "talk, talk, till I'm sick of it. Where's that rope?"

"But listen to him—listen to the colonel!" some one else slaps out. And then they was another bullabaloo, some yelling "Yes!" that he was to speak and some yelling "No!" And the colonel, very patient, rolls himself a stinker. But finally they quiets down enough so Will can put it to a vote, which vote goes for the colonel to speak.

"Boys," he begins very quiet, "I wouldn't lynch this man. In the first place, it will look bad in the newspapers, and"—

"The newspapers be d—d!" says some one.

"And in the second place," goes on the colonel, "it would be against the law, and"—

"The law be d—d!" says Buck Hightower.

"There's a higher law!" says Grimes.

"Against the law," says the colonel, rising up and throwing away his cigarette and getting interested.

"I know how you feel about all this negro business. And I feel the same way. We all know that we must be the negroes' masters.

"Boys, this thing of lynching gets to be a habit. There's been a negro lynched today. He's the third in this county in five years. They all needed killing. If the thing stopped there I wouldn't care so much. But the habit of illegal killing grows when it gets started.

"It's grown on you. You're fixing to lynch your first white man now. If you do you'll lynch another easier. You'll lynch one for murder and the next for stealing hogs and the next because he's unpopular and the next because he happens to dun you for a debt. And in five years life will be as cheap in Watson county as it is in a New York slum where they feed immigrants to the factories. You'll all be toting guns and grudges and trying to lynch each other.

"The place to stop the thing is where it starts. You can't have it both ways—you've got to stand pat on the law or else and the law split on right and left in the end and nobody safe. It's either law or"—

"But," says Grimes, "there's a higher law than that on the statute books. There's"—

"There's a lot of dub-dub," says the colonel, "about higher laws and unwritten laws. But we've got high enough law written if we live up to it. There's"—

"Colonel Tom Buckner," says Buck Hightower, "what kind of law was it when you shot Ed Howard fifteen years ago? What"—

"You're out of order," says the chairman, "Colonel Buckner has the floor. And I'll remind you, Buck Hightower, that, on the occasion you drag in, Colonel Buckner didn't do any talking about higher laws or unwritten laws. He sent word to the sheriff to come and get him if he dared."

"Boys," says the colonel, "I'm preaching you higher doctrine than I've ever lived by. I'm in the same boat with all of you, and I tell you it's up to all of us to stop lynchings in this county—to set our faces against it. I tell you"—

"Is that all you've got to say to us, colonel?"

The question come out of a group that had drawed nearer together whilst the colonel was talking. They was tired of listening to talk and arguments, and showed it.

The colonel let loose just one word: "No!"

Not very loud, but with a ring in it that sounded like danger. And he got 'em waiting agin, and hanging on his words.

And he paused agin, pointing one long white finger at the crowd—

"If you lynch this man you must kill me first!"

I couldn't get away from thinking, as he stood there making them take that in, that they was something like a play actor about him. But they saw he was in earnest.

"You'll lynch him, will you?" he says, a kind of passion getting into his voice for the first time and his eyes glittering. "You think you will? Well, you won't!

"You won't because I say not! Do you hear? I came here tonight to save him.

"You might string him up and not be called to account for it. But how about me?"

He took a step forward, and, looking from face to face with a dare in his eyes, he went on:

"Is there a man among you fool enough to think you could kill Tom Buckner and not pay for it?"

He reached over and took from the teacher's desk the sheet of paper Will had used to check off the name of each man and how he voted. He held it up in front of him and every man looked at it.

"You know me," he says. "You know I do not break my word. And I promise you that unless you do kill me here tonight—yes, as God is my witness, I threaten you—I will spend every dollar I own and every atom of influence I possess to bring each one of you to justice for that man's murder."

They knowed that crowd did, that killing a man like Colonel Buckner—a leader and a big man in that part of the state—was a different proposition from killing a stranger like Dr. Kirby.

"I told you," he said, not raising his voice, but dropping it and making it somehow come creeping nearer to every one by doing that, "I told you the first white man you lynched would lead to other lynchings. Let me show you what you're up against tonight.

"Kill the man and the boy here and you must kill me. Kill me and you must kill old man Withers too."

Every one turned toward the door as he mentioned old man Withers. He had never been very far into the room.

"Oh, he's gone," said Colonel Tom as they turned toward the door and

"If you lynch this man you must kill me first!"

then looked at each other. "Gone home. Gone home with the name of every man present. Don't you see you'd have to kill old man Withers, too, if you killed me? And then his wife. And then—how many more?

"Do you see it widen—that pool of blood? Do you see it spread and spread?"

It was a horrible idea the way he played that there pool of blood, and he shuddered like he felt it climbing up himself. And they felt it.

"Now," says Colonel Tom, "what man among you wants to start it?"

Nobody moved. He waited a minute. Still nobody moved. They all looked at him. It was awful plain just where they would have to begin. It was awful plain just what it would all end up in. After a minute more of that strain a feller by the door picks up his gun out of the corner with a scrape and hists it to his shoulder and walks out. And then Colonel Tom says to Will:

"Will, perhaps a motion to adjourn would be in order!"

The room cleared out of everybody but Dr. Kirby and Colonel Tom and me. I could scarcely realize that the danger was over.

I hadn't been paying much attention to Dr. Kirby while the colonel was making that grandstand play of his'n and getting away with it. Dr. Kirby was setting in his chair with his head sort of sunk on his chest. I guess he was having a hard time himself to realize that all the danger was past.

Dr. Kirby turns around toward the colonel.

"You have saved my life," he says, getting up out of his chair, like he had a notion to step over and thank him for it, but was somehow not quite sure how that would be took.

The colonel looks at him silent for a second, and then he says, without smiling:

"Do you flatter yourself it was because I think it worth anything?"

The doctor don't answer, and then the colonel says:

"Has it occurred to you that I may have saved it because I want it?"

"Tom," says Dr. Kirby, really puzzled, to judge from his actions, "I don't understand what makes you say you have the right to take my life."

"Dave, where is my sister buried?" asts Colonel Tom.

"Buried?" says Dr. Kirby. "My God, Tom! Is she dead?"

And they looked at each other, both wonderfied and trying to understand. And it hustled on me all at once who them two men really was. I orter knowed it sooner. But I didn't piece things together like I orter done.

It wasn't until Colonel Tom Buckner called him "Dave" and ast him about his sister that I seen who Dr. Kirby must really be.

He was that there David Armstrong! And the brother of the girl he had run off with had jest saved his life. By the way he was talking, he had saved it simply because he thought he had the first call on what to do with it.

"Where is she?" asts Colonel Tom.

"I ask you," says Dr. Kirby—or David Armstrong—agin.

Well, I thinks to myself, here is where Daniel puts one across the plate. And I breaks in:

"You both got another guess coming," I says. "She ain't buried anywheres. She ain't even dead. She's living in a little town in Indiany called Athens—or she was about eighteen months ago."

"What do you know about it?" says Dr. Kirby.

"Are you David Armstrong?" says I.

"Yes," says he.

"Well," I says, "you spent four or five days within a stone's throw of her a year ago last summer, and she knowed it was you and hid herself away from you."

Then I tells them about how I first happened to hear of David Armstrong and all I had learn from Martha. And how I had stayed at the Davises in Tennessee and got some more of the same story from George, the old nigger there.

"But, Danny," says the doctor, "why didn't you tell me all this?"

I was jest going to say that not knowing he was that there David Armstrong I didn't think it any of his business, when Colonel Tom, he says to Dr. Kirby—I mean to David Armstrong:

"Why should you be concerned as to her whereabouts? You ruined her life and then deserted her."

"I didn't desert her," said Dr Kirby. "She got disgusted and left me—left me without a chance to explain myself. As far as ruining her life is concerned, I suppose that when I married her"—

"Married her!" cries out the colonel. And David Armstrong stares at him with his mouth open.

"My God, Tom," he says, "did you think"—

And they both come to another standstill, and then they talked some more and only got more mixed up than ever, for the doctor thinks she has left him, and Colonel Tom thinks he has left her.

"Tom," says the doctor, "suppose you let me tell my story, and you'll see why Lucy left me."

Him and Colonel Tom had been chums together when they went through Princeton, it seems. He had come from Ohio in the beginning, and his dad had had considerable money, which he had enjoyed spending of it, and when he was a young feller never liked to work at nothing else. If suited him. Colonel Tom, he was considerable like him in that way. So they was good pals when they was to that school together. They both quit about the same time. A couple of years after that, when they was both about twenty-five or six years old, they run across each other accidental in New York one autumn.

The doctor he was there figgering on going to work at something or other, but they was so many things to do he was finding it hard to make a choice. His father was dead by that time, and looking for a job in New York the way he had been doing it was awful expensive, and he was running short of money.

CHAPTER XX.

A Broken Honeymoon.

SO Colonel Tom says why not come down home into Tennessee with him for awhile, and they will both try and figger out what he orter go to work at. It was the fall of the year, and they was purty good hunting around there where Colonel Tom lived, and Dave hadn't never been south any, and so he goes. He figgers he better take a good long vacation anyhow, for if he goes to work that winter or the next spring and ties up with some job that keeps him in an office there may be months and months pass by before he has another chance at a vacation. That is the worst part of a job. I found that out myself. You never can tell when you are going to get shut of it once you are fool enough to start in.

In Tennessee he had met Miss Lucy, which her wedding to Prent McMakin was billed fur to come off about the first of November, jest a month away.

"I don't know whether I ever told you or not," says the doctor, "but I was engaged to be married myself, Tom, when I went down to your place. That was what started all the trouble.

"You know engagements are like vaccination—sometimes they take and sometimes they don't. Of course I had thought at one time I was in love with this girl I was engaged to. When I found out I wasn't I should have told

I Told Him About Miss Hampton.

her so right away, but I didn't. I thought that she would get tired of me after awhile and turn me loose.

"Well, I met Lucy. We fell in love with each other. It just happened. I kept intending to write to the other girl and tell her plainly that everything was off, but I kept postponing it. It seemed like a deuce of a hard job to tackle.

"But finally I did write her. That was the very day Lucy promised to throw Prent McMakin over and marry me.

"We decided the best plan would be to slip away quietly and get married. We knew it would raise a row, but there was bound to be a row anyhow when they found she intended to marry me instead of McMakin. So we figured we might just as well be away from there.

"We left your place early on the morning of Oct. 31, 1888—do you remember the date, Tom? We took the train for Clarksville, Tenn., and got there about 2 o'clock that afternoon. We were married in the hotel parlor. One of the hotel clerks and the county clerk himself were the witnesses.

"We went to Cincinnati and from there to Chicago. There we got rooms out on the south side—Hyde park, they called it. And I got me a job. I had some money left, but not enough to buy kohinoors and racehorses with. Besides, I really wanted to get to work—wanted it for the first time in my life.

"We had been in Chicago a week when Lucy wrote home what she had done, and begged forgiveness for being so abrupt about it. At least, I suppose that is what she wrote. It was"—

"I remember exactly what she wrote," says Colonel Tom.

"I never knew exactly," says the doctor. "The same mail that brought word from you that your grandfather had had some sort of a stroke, as a consequence of our elopement, brought also two letters from Emma, the other girl. You had forwarded them to Chicago.

"Those letters began the trouble. You see, I hadn't told Emma when I wrote breaking off the engagement that I was going to get married the next day. And Emma hadn't received my letter, or else had made up her mind to ignore it. Anyhow, those letters were regular love letters.

"Tom, I was in hell. The dates on them, you know, were so recent. I didn't want Lucy to read them. But I didn't dare to act as if I didn't want her to. So I handed them over.

"I suppose—to a bride who had only been married a little more than a week and who had hurt her grandfather nearly to death in the marrying—those letters must have sounded rather odd. I tried to explain. But all my explanations only seemed to make the case worse for me.

"I tried to tell her that I loved no one but her. She pointed out that I must have said much the same sort of thing to Emma. She said she was almost as sorry for Emma as she was for herself. When Lucy got through with me, Tom, I looked like thirty cents and felt like twenty-five of that was plugged.

"I didn't have sense enough to know that it was most of it grief over her grandfather, and nerves and hysteria. I wasn't so very old myself, and I hadn't ever been married before. I should have kept my mouth shut until it was all over, and then when she began to cry I should have coaxed her up and made her feel like I was the only solid thing to hang on to in the whole world.

"But the bottom had dropped out of the universe for me. She had said she hated me. I was fool enough to believe her. I went downtown and began to drink. I come home late that night. The poor girl had been waiting up for me—waiting for hours and becoming more and more frightened when I didn't show up. She was over her jealous fit, I suppose. If I had come home in good shape or in anything like it, we would have made up then and there. But my condition stopped all that. I wasn't so drunk but that I saw her face change when she let me in. She was disgusted.

"In the morning I was sick and feverish. I was more than disgusted with myself. I was in despair. So when she told me that she had written home again and was going back—was going to leave me, I didn't see that it was only a bluff. I didn't see that she was really only waiting to forgive me, if I gave her a chance. I started downtown, wondering when she would leave, and if there was anything I could do to make her change her mind.

"If I had gone straight to work everything might have come around all right even then. But I didn't. I had that what's-the-use feeling. And I stopped in at the Palmer House bar to get something to sort of pull me together.

"While I was there who should come up to the bar and order a drink but Prent McMakin."

"Yes," says Colonel Tom, as near excited as he ever got.

"Yes," says Armstrong, "nobody else. I thought that he intended to do me some mischief—shoot me, you know, for taking his bride to be away from him or some fool thing like that. But as we turned toward each other I saw he had no intention of that sort."

"Hadn't he?" says Colonel Tom, mighty interested.

"No," says the doctor, looking at Colonel Tom very puzzled. "Did you think he had?"

"Yes, I did," says the colonel, right thoughtful.

"On the contrary," says Armstrong, "we had a drink together. And he congratulated me. Made me quite a little speech in fact, one of the flowery kind, you know, Tom, and said that he bore me no rancor and all that."

"The deuce he did!" says Colonel Tom very low, like he was talking to himself. "And then what?"

"Then," says the doctor, "then—let me see. It's all a long time ago, you know, and McMakin's part in the whole thing isn't really important."

"I'm not so sure it isn't important," says the colonel, "but go on."

"Then," says Armstrong, "we had another drink together—in fact, a lot of them. We got awfully friendly. And like a fool I told him of my quarrel with Lucy."

"Like a fool," says Colonel Tom, nodding his head. "Go on."

"There isn't much more to tell," says the doctor, "except that I made a worse idiot of myself yet and left McMakin about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, as near as I can recollect. Somewhere about 10 o'clock that night I went home. Lucy was gone. I haven't seen her since."

"Dave," says Colonel Tom, "did McMakin happen to mention to you that day just why he was in Chicago?"

"I suppose so," says the doctor. "I don't know. Maybe not. That was long ago. Why?"

"Because," says Colonel Tom, very grim and quiet, "because your first thought as to his intention when he met you in the bar was my idea also. I thought he went to Chicago to settle with you. You see, I got to Chicago that same afternoon."

"The same day?"

"Yes. We were to have come together. But I missed the train, and he got there a day ahead of me. He was waiting at the hotel for me to join him, and then we were going to look you up together. He found you first, and I never did find you."

"But I don't exactly understand," says the doctor. "You say he had the idea of shooting me."

"I don't understand everything myself," says Colonel Tom. "But I do understand that Prent McMakin must have played some sort of a two faced game. He never said a word to me about having seen you.

"Listen," he goes on. "When you and Lucy ran away it nearly killed our grandfather. In fact, it finally did kill him. When we got Lucy's letter that told you were in Chicago I went up to bring her back home. We didn't know what we were going to do, McMakin and I, but we were both agreed that you needed killing. And he swore that he would marry Lucy anyhow, even"—

"Marry her!" sings out the doctor, "but we were married."

"Dave," Colonel Tom says very slow and steady, "you keep saying you were married. But it's strange. It's right strange about that marriage."

"But, Tom," says the doctor, "that letter she wrote you from Chicago must"—

"Do you know what Lucy wrote?" interrupts Colonel Tom. "I remember exactly. It was simply: 'Forgive me. I loved him so. I am happy. I know it is wrong, but I love him so you must forgive me.'"

"But couldn't you tell from that we were married?" cries out the doctor.

"She didn't mention it," says Colonel Tom.

"She supposed that her own family had enough faith in her to take it for granted," says the doctor, very scornful, his face getting red.

"But wait, Dave," says Colonel Tom, quiet and cool. "Don't bluster with me. There are still a lot of things to be explained. And that marriage is one of them.

"To go back a bit. You say you got to the house somewhere around 10 o'clock that evening and found Lucy gone. Do you remember the day of the month?"

"It was Nov. 14, 1888."

"Exactly," says Colonel Tom. "I got to Chicago at 6 o'clock of that very day. And I went at once to the address in Lucy's letter. I got there between 7 and 8 o'clock. She was gone. My thought was that you must have got wind of my coming and persuaded her to leave with you in order to avoid me—although I didn't see how you could know when I would get there, either, when I thought it over."

"And you have never seen her since," says Armstrong, pondering.

"I have seen her since," says Colonel Tom, "and that is one thing that makes me say your story needs further explanation."

"But where—when—did you see her?" asks the doctor mighty excited.

"I am coming to that. I went back home again. And in July of the next year I heard from her."

"Heard from her?"

"By letter. She was in Galesburg, Ill., if you know where that is. She was living there alone, and she was almost destitute. I wrote her to come home. She would not, but she had to live. I got rid of some of our property in Tennessee and took enough cash up there with me to fix her in a decent sort of way for the rest of her life and put it in the bank. I was with her there for ten days; then I went back home to get Aunt Lucy Davis to help me in another effort to persuade her to return, but when I got back north with Aunt Lucy she had gone."

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR Beach (12 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.40 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Mile Corner (10 min.), *6.35, *6.50, 7.05, every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (12 min.), *6.10, *6.25, 6.40, every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR Beach (22 min.) *6.30, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52. (Change at Franklin Street.)

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The woman we love most is often the one to whom we express it the least.—Eaine Pierre Chanvot de Beauchene.

Woman's counsel is not worth much, yet he that despises it is no wiser than he should be.—Miguel de Cervantes.

DANNY'S OWN STORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

"Gone?"

"Yes, and when we returned without her to Tennessee there was a letter telling us not to try to find her. We thought—I thought—that she might have taken up with you once again."

"But, my God, Tom!" the doctor busts out. "You were with her ten days there in Galesburg! Didn't she tell you then—couldn't you tell from the way she acted—that she had married me? Didn't you ask her?"

"Ask her? No. Can't you see that there was no reason why I should ask her? I was sure, and, being sure of it, naturally I didn't talk about it to her. You can understand that I wouldn't, can't you? In fact, I never mentioned you to her. She never mentioned you to me."

"You must have mistaken her, Tom."

"I don't think it's possible, Dave," said the colonel. "I tell you that there's something odd about it—married or not. Lucy didn't believe herself married the last time I saw her."

"But she must have known," says the doctor, as much to himself as to

"We were both agreed that you needed killing."

the colonel. "She must have known." Any one could of told by the way he said it that he wasn't lying.

"Whatever became of Prentiss McMakin, Tom?"

"Dead," says Colonel Tom. "Quite awhile ago."

"H-m," says the doctor, still thinking hard, and then looks at Colonel Tom like they was an idea in his head. Which he don't speak her out, but Colonel Tom seems to understand.

"Yes," he says, nodding his head. "I think you are on the right track now. Yes—I shouldn't wonder."

Well, they puts this and that together and they agrees that whatever happened to make things hard to explain must of happened on that day that Prentiss McMakin met the doctor in the barroom and didn't shoot him as he had made his brags he would. Must of happened between the time that afternoon when Prentiss McMakin left the doctor and the time Colonel Tom went out to see his sister and found she had went. Must of happened somehow through Prent McMakin.

We goes home with Colonel Tom that night. And the next day all three of us is on our way to Athens, Indiany, where I had seen Miss Lucy at.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WARFARE.

Regular troops alone are equal to the exigencies of modern war as well for defense as offense, and when a substitute is attempted it must prove illusory and ruinous. No militia will ever acquire the habits necessary to resist a regular force. The firmness requisite for the real business of fighting is only to be attained by constant course of discipline and service. I have never yet been a witness to a single instance that can justify a different opinion, and it is most earnestly to be wished that the liberties of America may no longer be trusted in a material degree to so precarious a defense.—George Washington.

The frontiers of states are either large rivers or chains of mountains or deserts. Of all these obstacles to the march of an army the most difficult to overcome is the desert; mountains come next, and broad rivers occupy the third place.—Napoleon.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.
—Dante.

One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to a man.
—Rabelais.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And, born in bed, in bed we die.
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.
—Benserade.

Art is long; life is short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient.—Goethe.

History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.—Voltaire.

Although I am a pious man, I am not the less a man.—Moliere.

THE TWO BARONS.

They Had a Trying Time in the Royal Court of Bulgaria.

Till he left the royal court of Bulgaria in disgrace some time ago old Baron Eckdorfstein, the princes' overgovernor, gave the royal children more fun than anybody. He was a rigid, fidgety old Prussian, always complaining. In the early part of last year, under the plea that his neighbor, Baron Bernsdorff, snored so loud that he could not sleep, he changed his rooms from the wing to the main body of the palace, much to the disgust of the princes, who determined to get rid of him.

They soon hit on a plan. His new quarters were so far from the telephone that he had to pass many corridors and cross a large hall to get to it. One morning he got so urgent a call that he hastened out in his pajamas. On his way back he found the way stopped. Each corridor and stairway held a sentry, who solemnly declared his royal highness the crown prince had given orders that nobody was to pass.

The princes themselves guarded two exits, and the poor old baron spent an awful quarter of an hour rushing wildly about the large hall and dodging behind pillars when a minister passed through on his way to the king. The suit, hearing roars of laughter, came to look and laugh.

The joke worked so well that the baron petitioned the king to go back to his old quarters that very day. But he grew crustier and crustier. The crisis was reached when, furious that a reception was going on in the palace when he wanted to sleep, he rose, locked all the dressing room doors and took the keys to his room. Some of the household gave him a good shaking. The king heard of it and sent him off on unlimited leave.

In the meantime Baron Bernsdorff, whom Eckdorfstein had got in disgrace by the reports of his outrageous snoring, had had no summons to go to the king for weeks and weeks and was getting quite uneasy, as the man who does not enjoy royal conversation frequently soon loses prestige at court. But at last a gendarme came and told him he was not to stir from his rooms that day, as the king might want him.

Bernsdorff waited and waited. At last, three weeks later, somebody mentioned his name before the king, who exclaimed, "Good heaven, I told him to wait in for me three weeks ago!" He sent and found the poor old Prussian still waiting. Through three weeks of glorious Balkan spring weather he had not dared leave his rooms.—Harper's.

Cheerfulness.

We ought to be as cheerful as we can if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.—Lord Avebury.

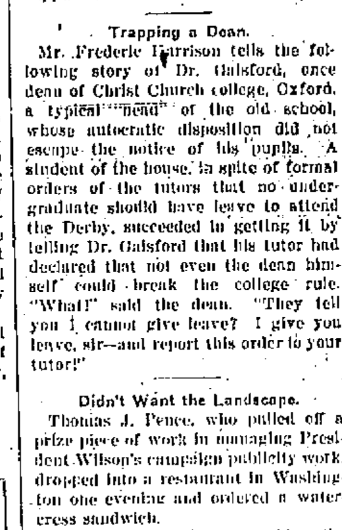
Trapping a Dean.

Mr. Frederic Harrison tells the following story of Dr. Gaisford, once dean of Christ Church college, Oxford, a typical "head" of the old school, whose autocratic disposition did not escape the notice of his pupils. A student of the house, in spite of formal orders of the tutors that no undergraduate should have leave to attend the Derby, succeeded in getting it by telling Dr. Gaisford that his tutor had declared that not even the dean himself could break the college rule. "What!" said the dean. "They tell you I cannot give leave? I give you leave, sir—and report this order to your tutor!"

Didn't Want the Landscape.

Thomas J. Pence, who pulled off a prize piece of work in managing President Wilson's campaign publicity work, dropped into a restaurant in Washington one evening and ordered a watercress sandwich.

The waiter set it before him, the slices of bread being cut very thick and the supply of watercress enor-



GAZED ON THE SANDWICH IN SADNESS.

mous. Pence gazed on the sandwich in sadness and silence for at least five minutes.

"Waiter," he said at last in a suave tone, "when I order a watercress sandwich it doesn't necessarily mean that I wish a meadow concealed between two leaves of bread."—Washington Star.

A PATRIOT'S WISH.

It is my heart's first and favorite wish to be employed in active and enterprising services where there is a prospect of rendering such services useful and acceptable to America. The singular honor which congress hath done me by their general approbation of my past conduct hath inspired me with sentiments of gratitude which I shall carry with me to my grave, and if a life of service devoted to America can be made instrumental in securing its independence I shall regard the continuance of such approbation as an honor far superior to the empty pageantry which kings ever did or can bestow.—John Paul Jones.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of [signature] and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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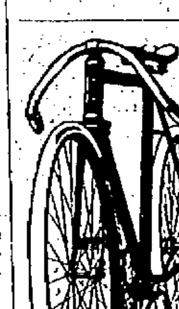

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FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderfully low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second-hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY $4.80

The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order $4.55).

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

Nails, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing air to escape. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We will ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not need to pay a cent until you examine and find them strictly as represented.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires and bicycle equipment and sundries at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It costs only a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more,
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.
—Edmund Waller.

THE FILIPINOS.

Some of our friends who are zealously advocating independence for the Philippines are not in possession of the facts. The great mass of the Filipino people not only have no desire for independence; they don't even know what independence means. The Filipino's idea of independence is that he ought to be turned loose to do as he pleases, with an American fleet lying outside of Manila bay to prevent anybody from interfering with him. In other words, we should be responsible for his acts and protect him from their consequences. Having raised up a badly behaved boy and turned him loose, we should keep anybody from spanking him.—Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of Interior and Member of Philippine Commission.

ATHENIAN DEMOCRACY.

Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them.

It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But, while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized, and when a citizen is in any way distinguished he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition.—Thucydides.

LOW SPEECH.

You know we condemn lowness of speech, and justly so, for the gift of speech is peculiar to a man and a boon which God granted to him, that he may be distinguished from the rest of living creatures. This gift, therefore, which God gave us in order to enable us to perfect ourselves, to learn and to teach, must not be employed in doing that which is for us most degrading and disgraceful. We must not imitate the songs and tales of ignorant and lascivious people. It may be suitable to them, but it is not for those who are told, "And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation" (Ex. xix. 6).—Maimonides.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of [signature]

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Thames Street,

DEALER IN

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—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

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Rogers, Peet & Co.'s

CLOTHING.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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Near 50th Street Subway Station and 53d St. Elevated and all surface lines.
Near Depots, Shops and Central Park
New and Fireproof
Strictly First Class. Rates Reasonable, $2.50 with bath and up.
All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs.
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Excellent Restaurant, prices moderate.
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GOLDBECK'S

Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anaemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf,
Newport, R. I.

Price of Coke.

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels,	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels,	$3.50
18 bushels,	$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushels.
Common, 9c. a bushel, $8 for 100 bushels.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, August 9, 1913.

The New York Sun presents interviews with leading men of the country regarding the economic and industrial situation. They generally demand settlement of the tariff and currency questions and that government officials cease persecuting the railways. Basic conditions are believed to be sound, and unsettled conditions temporary.

It looks very much as though some people in Mexico were doing their utmost to force intervention by the United States. While this government undoubtedly has an important duty to perform, and is bound by the Monroe Doctrine to protect the interests of Europeans as well as of American citizens, every possible step should be taken to prevent armed invasion of Mexico by the United States. While the outcome could never be in doubt, the situation might easily become so serious as to use up the best of the young blood of this country for many years. Mexico is a peculiar country and is peopled by peculiar races.

Since the Bull Moose fiasco in this city last month, the Roosevelt followers seem to be deserting the cause very rapidly. Boss Flynn, the great Pennsylvanian supporter of the cause, is out of the ranks and is supporting the Republican nominees. Probably by this time he has become a very wicked boss again, although before his defection from the Bull Moose ranks he was a great and good man. McHarg, who was one of the front rank fighters, says that the Bull Moose is dead, and that Roosevelt is at heart a conservative. When men like these, far-sighted and unemotional, give up the fight, it is because they see that they are on the losing side. The practical politician, like Flynn, likes to be where the glory and the honor and the offices and the contracts are flying thickest.

The express companies will have to be content with much lower rates in the future, according to a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Perhaps this reduction will do for a start, but the time is coming when the rates should be cut still lower. If there is any one form of transportation that has been an incubus on business in the United States for the past quarter century or more it is the express business. Rates have been ridiculously high, service has been poor, and the conduct of employees toward the general public has been decidedly the worst of any public service corporation, and that is saying a good deal. As a general proposition government ownership is not to be commended, but if it should ever be tried the express business might be a good place to begin. It may be for time that the parcel post service will cover the same ground, but it has yet a good way to go.

The New Chemical Engine.

As an ordinary business proposition, it would seem wise for the board of aldermen to delay a little longer before placing the order for the new motor chemical engine. There is now on the way from the factory one of the two chemical engines authorized by the representative council. This is the engine that the board of aldermen selected after long and careful study of all the different makes, both by specifications and by personal inspection. The engine will be here in a few days, and will be put into the service of the department at once. Now, a business-like course would be to see how this engine behaves in actual service. If it is in every way satisfactory the board should order another of the same kind, for there are many advantages to be seen in having two engines alike, or at least of the same make, rather than two radically different ones. It is true that the manufacturers of the first engine have lost all standing by not shipping their engine at the time specified in the contract, and the MERCURY is not attempting to excuse them for this, but the best interests of the city should outweigh the very natural pique that is aroused by such delay. If the delay was caused by the great demand for this make of engine then it is really a recommendation for its merits. In any event, no great harm has been done by the delay, and if another contract should be made for the same kind of engine a substantial bond could be demanded to insure the carrying out of the contract. There is now in service down town a nearly new horse-drawn chemical, so that the safety of property would be in no way imperilled by carefully studying the one new engine before ordering another.

The MERCURY does not know the first thing regarding the merits of the various chemical engines that have been examined, and has not the slightest interest in, nor regard for the contractors that have not lived up to their specifications for delivery, but it does believe that the best interests of the city will be advanced by delay in ordering. A successful business man has to bury his irritation very frequently in order to advance the interests of his business and the board of directors of the city's business can not do better than to follow his example.

When Rhode Island Saved the Northwest.

(Boston Herald.

The celebration of Perry's victory on Lake Erie recalls that the Northwest was not only settled very largely by emigration from the New England states, but that those great and populous states were very probably saved to the Union in the second war with England by the enterprise and valor of New England sailors.

Oliver Hazard Perry, then a commander in the navy and much discontented because the duties assigned to him offered no opportunity for proving his mettle, was a Rhode Islander in charge of a fleet of gunboats guarding Narragansett Bay to the sister of 1812-13. Possessed, he said, "by an ardent desire to meet the enemies of his country," he applied for service on the lakes. On the very day that the order came for his transfer to Lake Erie he sent forward fifty men, the second day after he sent fifty more, another party started on the long overland journey the following day, and Perry himself started on February 22, taking with him the boy of the famous galoating, his brother, aged twelve years. The wilderness trip was a hard and tedious one, and the lake was reached on March 27. All the men who had been under his orders in Rhode Island had volunteered for the service, so attached to him were they.

There is good reason to consider the operations that followed on Lake Erie as part of the history of Rhode Island. The interruption of commerce by the war had thrown many captains, mates and seamen out of employment, and many of them had taken service with Perry on the Narragansett flotilla. Thus it came about that Rhode Island had in the battle of Lake Erie not only Perry himself, but four of the nine commanders, a majority of the sailing masters and mates, a large number of the remaining officers and a great many of the sailors, besides the men who superintended the rigging and arming of the fleet.

The centenary celebration, therefore, is a tribute to the prowess of a New England state. It was said years ago by a historian that there never was an expedition of importance to the country which was made up so largely of officers and men from a single state.

State College Notes.

Miss Lucy Tucker, Secretary to President Edwards, is away on her vacation.

Prof. M. H. Tyler's young son John is suffering from a broken collar bone received from a fall while at play. Dr. R. R. Robinson is in attendance.

Messrs. Carl and Wilhelm Wheeler, sons of Dr. Wheeler, formerly Director at the Experiment Station, are at the college for a month. The former will be connected with the Station and the latter with the college greenhouse.

Prof. D. J. Lambert has resumed his duties as head of the poultry department after an absence of a month. During that time with Mrs. Lambert he attended the Christian Endeavor Convention at Los Angeles and also visited several cities.

Carpenters are finishing the top and middle floors of Science Hall, and the ground floor and basement will be ready to receive the finishing wood work in a few days. With a force of twenty-five or more carpenters, it is expected that the completion of the building will be materially hastened.

As State Entomologist, Prof. A. E. Stene, head of the Extension Dept., is receiving advices from different parts of the state that the tent caterpillar is developing more egg clusters than ever before known. This means that unless parasites or unfavorable weather conditions prevent, this pest will next year prove even a greater scourge than during the past season. Reports indicate that the clusters are being found in very unusual places; one correspondent even finding them on the shelves of the public library and in many cases they have been reported on varieties of trees which they do not ordinarily infest. These eggs will remain without apparent change until spring. In reality, however, during the winter the young caterpillar develops inside the egg and is fully formed and ready to emerge without further incubation as soon as spring sets in.

For twenty years or more, exhibits made by the college have been an attractive feature at the agricultural fairs throughout the state, notably at the South County fair. Here, for want of space, the needs of the college have not been adequately met. For some time the project of putting up a building for the exclusive use of the college and station has been under consideration by the Washington County Agricultural Society. Such a building might furnish space not only for housing exhibits, but also for lecture and demonstration work. President Edwards has already appointed a committee to arrange an exhibit at the fair next month. It is proposed to make the station exhibit a prominent feature. This will include the results of the rotation experiments; the yields of corn as affected by varying amounts of phosphoric acid and potash; experiments in potatoes; in alfalfa, and upon the cultivation of twenty or more kinds of corn from thirty different states. These varieties were obtained by Prof. Damon while at the Corn Show in South Carolina last fall and many of them have never before been grown in this state. Some of them he has endeavored to cross with Rhode Island varieties.

Massachusetts is just beginning what will be the most lively political campaign the State has ever seen. The Republican leaders are backing up ex-Congressman Samuel W. McCall. Everett C. Benton is running his own campaign for the Republican nomination, and Governor Foss is bidding for Republican support. The Democrats will run Lieutenant Governor Walsh and they say that President Wilson will back him with all his influence. He deems it essential to the success of his policy that he have a Democratic Massachusetts behind him. Meanwhile, the Progressives propose to take a hand in the fight with last year's candidate Bird or ex-Speaker Walker as their leader. Fireworks may be expected early on a continuous programme till next November.

That immaculate patriot, William Flynn, who led the Roosevelt Progressive forces in Pennsylvania last fall to the defeat of the Republican party in that State, is now back again shouting for the regular Republican party. We are of the opinion that the party would be better off without him.

CO-OPERATIVE PLAN MEANS HIGHER PAY

Philadelphia Railway Employes to Get Another Raise

The Philadelphia Rapid Transit company announced a further increase in the pay of its motormen and conductors, to take effect on Sept. 1.

The new scale will establish a maximum rate of 30 cents an hour for the platform men on the surface lines, while the rate for motormen on the subway-elevated system is 3 cents an hour more. New men on the former lines will receive 25 cents an hour, and their wages will be increased 1 cent an hour each year until the maximum is reached. On the elevated subways new men will start at 28 cents an hour.

The company announces that these increases have been made possible by the co-operative system by which a percentage of the earnings are placed in a fund to increase the wages. Nearly 3000 men will be affected.

MILLIONAIRES KILLED

Death Claims Three Who Are Injured in Automobile Smashups

Edward O. Crawford, a millionaire oil operator, was instantly killed when an automobile in which he was riding went over a thirty-foot embankment at Emlenton, Pa.

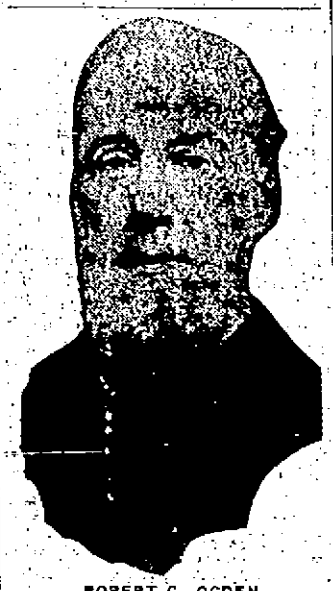
William Laimbeer, millionaire banker and society leader, injured in an automobile accident at Hempstead, L. I., in which S. O. Pell and his chauffeur, Charles Gambeau, were killed, succumbed to his injuries. A fracture of the skull was the cause of death. Mrs. Laimbeer is in a critical condition but it is believed she will recover.

Pell was a millionaire real estate operator and a member of an old New York family. He was a daring hunter and motorist and only recent became an enthusiastic aviator. He was well known in New York and Newport society.

ROBERT OGDEN DEAD

Philanthropist Passes Away at His Summer Home in Maine

Robert C. Ogden, the New York his summer home at Kennebunkport, Me.



ROBERT C. OGDEN

Mr. Ogden was president of the Southern Educational conference and was widely known for his philanthropic work.

PEACE TREATY SIGNED

Salvador First Nation to Formally Accept the Bryan Plan

The first of the international peace treaties embodying Secretary Bryan's plans was signed at Washington.

The terms of this convention are practically identical with the details of the international peace proposal submitted by Bryan to the nations of the world. Twenty-six countries have approved the plan in principle, and it is probable that the signing of other treaties will follow in rapid succession. All will be drafted on the same general lines.

The principle of the convention is that most disputes between nations can be peaceably adjusted if sufficient time is allowed to dissipate passion and for cool and reasonable consideration of the issues involved.

FORTUNE FOR LABORER

Falls Heir to Estate in Germany Valued at $1,750,000

Frederick Grosse Von Alvensleben, for twenty-seven years an Omaha day laborer, received notice that he had fallen heir to an estate in Germany valued at $1,750,000.

Von Alvensleben became estranged from his family and came to America nearly thirty years ago. He has known he would some day receive a large inheritance, but his pride prevented him for twenty-seven years from accepting an annuity of $80.00, which has been accumulating in a bank at Danzig.

Various reports that the government's anti-trust investigation of the New Haven railroad, had been suspended caused Attorney General McReynolds to formally deny that the work had been dropped.

The Hamburg-American and the Austro-American steamship lines have reduced their steerage passenger rate to Canada in order to meet the cut in the rate made by the Canadian Pacific company last June.

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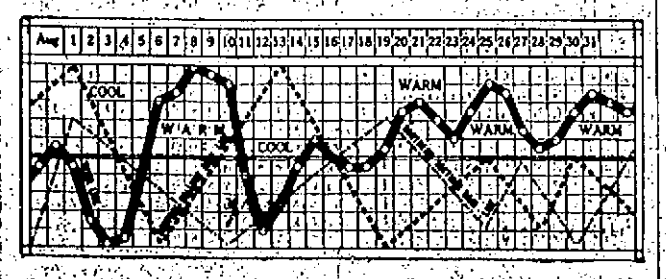
LIPTON'S TEA

POSITIVELY POPULAR
PERFECTLY PURE

AIRTIGHT TINS

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Temperature of August will average above normal east of Rockies and rainfall below; a warm, dry month, not the best of corn cropweather. Cooler than usual west Rocky Ridge. Some severe weather but storm forces will be much less than in previous months. See weekly weather bulletin.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above trebel line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below trebel line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much later east of it. Storms and storm forces move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Aug. 7, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent 8 to 12 and 13 to 17; warm waves 7 to 11 and 12 to 16; cool waves 10 to 14 and 15 to 19. Great extremes of temperatures will result, very warm near Aug. 8 and unusually cool near 12. These being the dates that the warm wave will cross meridian 90, eastward bound.

Here is where the corn crop will find its test and the result is in doubt. Dry hot weather has the right of way and the final result is problematical. Friends of this weather bureau have been advised to buy and hold grain and cotton, particularly oats and cotton, because we believed that cropweather of 1913 would cause these farm products to go to higher prices.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about August 17, cross Pacific slope by close of 18, great central valleys 19 to 21, eastern sections 22. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about August 17, great central valleys 19, eastern sections 21. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about August 20, great central valleys 22, eastern sections 24.

With this disturbance the temperatures will turn upward following the comparatively cool weather that followed the last disturbance and the last half of August is expected to be unusually warm and dry. Not far from August 12 showers may be expected.

The most severe storms of August will come with this last described storm wave but no very destructive storms are expected. These storms may be expected taking parallel of latitude 40. The Baltimore storm July 29 was in time for our last storm period of July.

A new Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau has been appointed and the comments on the appointment are generally favorable. Professor Marvin is credited with being guided by good purposes and that is the most important feature in the character of any man. His task is enormous. That weather bureau is better fitted for commerce than for agriculture and it should be in the department of commerce and labor. You can not pitch hay with a rake. The department of agriculture needs a long range crop-weather bureau while the short, or 24-hour forecasts, are better suited to commerce. The two kinds of weather forecasts have very little relation and they should be separated.

The U. S. Weather Bureau is running off after strange gods. It is looking to the sun to find the cause of our weather changes. Better look to the moon and planets. It will require 50 years to compile a record of the supposed variableness of the sun's output of heat before any progress can be made along that line and that is too long a wait.

Prosperity in Western Canada.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

The present stringency of money has proved a wonderfully good thing for Western Canada. It is true that the real estate speculators have found it most annoying and that many ambitious municipalities have been compelled to restrain the expenditures they would have made on perfectly proper and desirable improvements. Our forefathers, however, got along without these things and what they were able to do as a matter of course we ought to be able to do as a matter of necessity. The main point is the condition of the basic structure, and this, it is cheering to learn from more than one high-class authority, is perfectly sound. These assurances find full concurrence in the special reports submitted to the head office of the Molsons bank by its branch managers in the Northwest, and from other sources fully qualified to deal with local conditions. The latest dispatches by wire have told of the satisfactory progress being made by the rapidly maturing crop, and beyond mention of the fact that these reports of the bank, now a fortnight old, speak generally in optimistic tones of the harvest prospect, the increase in acreage, etc., the outstanding feature is the references contained therein to the financial position of the farmers at the present time. There are of course, exceptions, but taking the reports as a whole it can be said that the situation is quite satisfactory.

Bourke Cockran who has long been a bright star in the Democratic firmament says: "This is an age of humbug, and Woodrow Wilson is its prophet." He further remarks: "The proposed tariff revision would stand for all time as a tremendous monument to the art of 'now you see it and now you don't,' if it were not completely overshadowed by the dangerous viciousness of the currency reform measure." Bourke has more sense than many people have heretofore given him credit of having.

No man worthy of the name likes to live on charity.

Weekly Almanac.

AUGUST 1913 By STANDARD TIME

		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Morn	High Eve	Water
9	Sat	4 46	6 56	10 33	0 50	1 18	
10	Sun	4 47	6 54	11 13	1 53	2 22	
11	Mon	4 48	6 53	mo'n	3 00	3 25	
12	Tues	4 49	6 51	0 03	4 06	4 25	
13	Wed	4 50	6 50	1 04	5 09	5 13	
14	Thur	4 51	6 49	2 10	6 50	6 07	
15	Fri	4 52	6 47	3 16	8 33	8 45	

New Moon, 2nd day, 7h, 53m, morning
First Quarter, 8th day, 11h, 53m., evening
Full Moon, 16th day 8h 27m., evening
Last Quarter, 24th day 7h 1 m., evening
New Moon, 31st day 8h 33m evening

Marriages.

July 31st, at St. Joseph's Rectory, by Rev. Edward A. Higney, Emma B. Johnson to Patrolman Frank D. Gillis, both of this city.

Deaths.

In this city, 3d inst., George C., son of the late Alexander and Sarah F. McIntosh, in his 47th year.

In this city, suddenly, 4th inst., William H., son of the late Peter and Bridget Geraghty, aged 41 years.

At Fort Greble, 5th inst., Charles Moone, aged 21 years.

In London, England, 4th inst., John R. Vinton, son of the late John Henry and Helena Vinton Gillat.

In Portsmouth, 4th inst., Hannah P. (Faulkner), widow of James S. Chase, in her 81st year.

In Tiverton, 4th inst, Jesse M. Shaw, in his 69th year.

In North Tiverton, 2d, inst., Nellie, daughter of Frank and the late Ellen Dupont.

In Providence, 6th inst., Elizabeth Gibbs, in her 80th year.

In Providence, 5th inst., Zoeth E. Stubbs, in his 82d year.

In Fall River, 6th inst., Louisa B., widow of George H. Hathaway, in her 76th year.

In Winchester, Mass., 8th inst., Catherine C., widow of Edward L. Tilley, in her 95th year.

In Tiverton, 6th inst., Ida, eldest daughter of the late Captain Daniel T. Church.

Can it be that the story that the world was created by a woman has been brought forth for the purpose of aiding the cause of woman suffrage? Stranger things than that have been done and with as little hope of success for the cause.

Through the Wilds

Down the Allagash

(208 Miles by Canoe)

It is one of the wonder vacations of the world
You go by train to Moosehead Lake away down in the

WILDS OF MAINE

There you get your camp supplies, and guides, white or Indian. The next morning you're off for 200 miles through the forest scenery of unimaginable beauty—still water, quick water, rapids, waterfalls. You cross nine exquisite, lonely lakes—Chesuncook, Umbazookus, Mud, Chamberlain, Eagle, Churchill, Umsaskis, Long, Round—and so into the Allagash River, into the St. John, to Fort Kent on the Canadian border. (Get out your map.)

You come out brown and happy and made over in body and nerves.

Two weeks are ample for the trip and the cost is small.

Send for FREE BOOKLET, Address VACATION BUREAU, Room 1538, South Station, Boston.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

Convention of N. E. Electrical Interests.

The Fifth Annual Convention of the New England Section of the National Electric Light Association is to be held at the Hotel Vermont in Burlington, Vermont, on September 17, 18 and 19. Papers on electrical subjects of national interest will be presented by some of the best authorities in New England. An Entertainment Committee is arranging to make the three days stay one of especial enjoyment in a section unsurpassed by any other in the country.

Special arrangements are being made for transportation from all points of New England, and the Committee in charge is looking forward to a large gathering in the early fall to discuss matters electrical.

In the Probate Court on Tuesday the guardian of John Nicholas Brown, minor, was given permission to sell certain personal property for the purpose of better investment.

Carr's List.

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HUERTA THROWS DOWN GAUNTLET

Says He Will Reject Lind Unless He Is Recognized

CALLED "UNDESIRABLE ALIEN"

Mexican Affairs For Mexicans—Its Provisional President's Remark to Followers—Bryan Advises Him to Be Patient and to Read Wilson's Note Before Taking Decided Stand

Provisional President Huerta of Mexico bodly threw down the gauntlet to the United States in his move to secure recognition of his government by the American government at Washington.

By Huerta's direction Foreign Minister Aldape informed the United States embassy that John Lind, who is being sent to Mexico as the personal envoy of President Wilson, will be expelled from the country as an undesirable alien unless Lind goes before the Mexican government and explains his official character and intentions, or else brings official recognition of the Huerta administration in Washington.

JOHN LIND

Following out the new aggressive policy of the Mexican government, a delegation will wait upon Lind upon his arrival in Mexico City and the attitude of the Mexican government toward the United States will be outlined thon in unmistakable terms.

In addition to being a special investigator, Lind is commissioned to act as peacemaker between the leaders of the various revolutionary factions, but it is doubtful if Huerta will allow an alien to act in such a capacity.

"Mexican affairs for Mexicans" was the laconic remark made by President Huerta to his followers in congress who called at the national palace.

Previous to the statement issued by the Mexican foreign minister, the United States embassy had received the following note from Secretary of State Bryan:

"You may say to the Mexican foreign minister that Governor Lind comes to Mexico on a mission of peace and that President Wilson feels that his presence there will contribute towards a settlement of existing difficulties. The Mexican government should await the president's communication and not give weight to misrepresentations published in sensational newspapers."

A Delicate Situation

The American government is confronted by what official Washington regards as the most delicate situation in its relations with Mexico that has yet developed since armed revolution disturbed the peace of the southern republic.

The threatened rebuff from the Huerta administration to the mission of John Lind, en route to Mexico City, to expound the views of the United States for a suspension of hostilities and an orderly, constitutional election in Mexico, drew from Senator Bacon, chairman of the foreign relations committee, a declaration on the floor of the senate that the present situation was "the gravest in years, much graver than confronted us when the Cuban question was here."

President Wilson was unmoved by advices from Mexico City depicting the Huerta government as inimical to Lind's mission. He let it be known, too, that so far as he was able to learn there was not the slightest demand from the American people for intervention and declined to discuss alternatives that might be used in event that the efforts of the American government to help restore peace in Mexico were rejected.

Not only in Mexico City but throughout the entire republic increased antagonism toward Americans is being shown. Huerta and his advisers believe that if war should be declared it would have the result in making a halt of all the revolutionary bands at that a solid front could be presented against any foreign foe.

Pity for a desperately ill prisoner, 70 years old, caused President Wilson to commute to expire at once the four months' sentence of Inocente Rojas, convicted at Tucson, Ariz., of smuggling mescal from Mexico to the United States.

Twenty-two coal miners perished in a fire which broke out in a pit of the Quiter colliery, near Glasgow.

GLOBE CIRCLER ENDS RECORD TRIP

Mears' Time Is 35 Days, 21 Hours and 35 Minutes

John M. Mearay, the New York Evening Sun's globe trotter, has established a new mark for encircling the world.

He has gone around the world in 35 days, 21 hours, and 35 minutes, taking the "title" away from Andre Jaeger-Schmidt, who in 1911 made the trip in 39 days, 19 hours and 43 minutes.

Ten minutes after he had alighted from the train, Mears was once again in the editorial offices of the paper which he had left a few minutes before 12 o'clock on the night of July 1.

There was a big throng at the station to greet the globe trotter and his quick run downtown was a continual ovation.

AT GATE OF CANTON

Five Hundred Casualties in Fight Between Opposing Forces

Five hundred were killed or wounded in the fighting between the northern government troops and the rebels at the east gate of Canton.

The position of the city is regarded as serious. Reinforcements consisting of a detachment of an Indian regiment from Hong Kong have arrived to guard the lives and property of foreigners in the Shameen district there.

A desperate fight among the rebels themselves occurred at the Wu-Sung forts. The famous rebel regiment called "Dare to Die," whose commander, Lufu-Piao, was suspected of having plotted to capture the fortifications by stealth from the revolutionists in order to sell them to the government, attacked the fort.

The forts opened fire upon the attackers and simultaneously the northern troops executed a flanking movement which literally mowed down the "Dare to Dies."

OLD OFFICERS REMAIN

No Change in Supreme Heads of Knights of Columbus

All the supreme officers of the Knights of Columbus were re-elected at the business meeting of the delegates at Boston.

The officers for the next year will be J. A. Flaherty, Philadelphia, supreme knight; M. H. Carmody, Grand Rapids, Mich., deputy supreme knight; W. J. McGinley, New Haven, supreme secretary; D. J. Callahan, Washington, supreme treasurer; J. O. Pelletier, Boston, supreme advocate; E. W. Buckley, St. Paul, supreme physician; Rev. P. J. McGivney, Middletown, Conn., supreme chaplain, and T. J. McLaughlin, Newark, N. J., supreme warden. Four new directors were also elected.

GHOULS RAID FAMILY TOMB

Coffins Are Ripped Open and Many Skeletons Carried Away

The family tomb on the estate of James Wilson of North Smithfield, R. I., was broken into by ghouls. Caskets were ripped open and their contents scattered about the tomb.

In all thirteen coffins were disturbed and many of the skeletons carried away.

One metal casket, which had contained the body of a diphtheria victim, was broken open, and this body is missing. The police are making an investigation.

CODY PLUNGES TO DEATH

Passenger Also Killed When Famous Aviator's Machine Turns Turtle

Colonel S. F. Cody, one of the best known aviators, and a passenger named Evans were killed when Cody's aeroplane turned turtle and buried both men under it when it fell near Aldershot, Eng.

Cody was an American by birth, but became a naturalized Englishman several years ago. Last year he won the British military prize of $25,000.

Cody's aerodplane, a new one he was trying out, fell 200 feet and was so broken that it was impossible to tell what caused the accident.

Cody's two sons were among the spectators who saw the aviator and his passenger fall. Cody's neck was broken.

Cody was one of the most interesting figures in aviation, more especially in the British Isles. He was a real soldier of fortune with a varied career. He was said to be able to build anything in the way of a flying machine or balloon.

DEATH OF MRS. ROMANI

Police Are Hunting Her Assailant on a Charge of Murder

Mrs. Madelena Romani died at Beverly, Mass., a victim of a bullet fired by Emmanuel Margetti, an Italian, now being hunted by the police on the charge of murder.

Margetti rode away on his bicycle after the shooting, escaping to Boston in a taxicab, where he boarded a train for Montreal, where he has a brother. It is believed that friends supplied him with money for the getaway.

BEARS AND HEDGEHOGS

Both Appear to Be Plentiful in the Green Mountain State

Eighty black bears were killed in Vermont during the past fiscal year as compared with sixty for the preceding year.

In the same time, eighty-one bay lynx were killed, as against 120 for the previous year. Bounty was paid on 27,000 hedgehogs killed during the year.

WAR IN BALKANS COMES TO CLOSE

Peace Treaty Signed by Delegates of Five Nations

BULGARIA IS HARD PRESSED

Accepts Modified Frontier Proposed by Her Former Allies Because of Utter Helplessness to Resist—Nurses Hopes For Its Eventual Revision by the European Powers

Peace was concluded at Bucharest between the Balkan states, and the preliminary treaty was signed by the delegates of Servia, Greece, Montenegro, Roumania and Bulgaria.

The agreement was arrived at only after another exhibition of the utter helplessness of Bulgaria to face her ring of enemies.

The discussion in the peace conference threatened to become interminable, but M. Majoresco, the Roumanian premier and president of the conference, clinched matters by threatening that unless Bulgaria accepted the modified frontier proposed by the allies Roumania's army would occupy Sofia next Saturday.

This threat had the desired effect, and an agreement was arrived at after numerous private consultations between the delegates and a four hours' sitting of the conference.

The new frontier, as agreed to, starts at a point on the old frontier west of the Struma river, follows the watershed to west of the town of Strumnitza; thence runs almost through the Struma valley to the Belesh mountains and thence easterly in almost a straight line to the Mesta river, thus leaving the town of Strumnitza, the port of Lagos and Kanthi to Bulgaria and the port of Kavala to Greece.

The new frontier is a deep disappointment to the Bulgarians, who still nurse hopes for its eventual revision by the powers.

It is believed that an agreement for the demobilization of the various armies will be signed at once. The news that peace had been arranged caused great rejoicing.

SUES PASTOR FOR $5000

Church Organist Charges Statements Derogatory to His Character

Members of the Attleboro, Mass., Pilgrim church are stirred over the announcement that Lester E. Moore, for several years organist of the church, has brought suit for $5000 against Rev. Thomas I. Horner, pastor of the church.

Moore alleges the pastor has made statements derogatory to his character. Horner has been pastor of the church for three years and during that time there is said to have been ill-feeling evinced between minister and organist.

RACE SEGREGATION

Maryland Court Holds That Action of Baltimore Is Legal

The Maryland court of appeals has decided that the mayor and city council of Baltimore may, in the exercise of its police powers, validly pass an ordinance for the segregation of the white and colored races without conflicting with the provisions of the constitution of the United States or of the state of Maryland."

The opinion, however, declares invalid on technical grounds an ordinance approved by the mayor in 1911. It was announced that an ordinance will be drawn up to meet the legal exactions.

PANAMA CANAL OPENING

Daniels Plans to Have Navies of World Participate in the Event

Secretary of the Navy Daniels plans to have all the world's fleets mobilized in Hampton Roads in February, 1915, and, led by the American squadron, proceed through the Panama canal and up the west coast to San Francisco.

Daniels considers that this will form a fitting opening for the Panama canal, besides being the greatest naval pageant the world has seen.

POLICEWOMEN ON DUTY

Will Look After Welfare of Chicago Women and Children

Chicago's ten policewomen, clad in modest blue tailor-made suits and wearing silver stars and hats with blue bands, are on duty.

Their work will be mainly to look out for women and children in the public parks and other places of recreation.

The policewomen will visit the public dance halls, excursion boats, beaches and railroad stations and will try to keep young folks off the streets late at night. They will obtain information rather than make arrests, although on occasions they may be called upon to arrest some one.

SEVEN THOUSAND OUT

New York Knitting Mills Tied Up by Strike of Women

Seven thousand women employed in New York's East Side knitting mills went on strike, demanding shorter hours, higher pay and more sanitary working conditions.

It is estimated that more women are involved in the strike than in any labor disturbance in New York since the great shirtwaist strike of 1909-10.

Several thousand men went out in sympathy with the women workers. This is said to be the first tie-up in the knitting industry in this city.

CLEVER CROOKS MAKE BIG HAUL

Loot Jeweler's Home of Gems Worth Thousands of Dollars

WORK WHILE FAMILY SLEEPS

Enter Dining Room Window by Means of Trellis After Banquet Guests Depart—Sleepers Undisturbed as Their Rooms Are Stripped—Silverware and Cash Left Untouched

While a dinner party enjoyed the hospitality of Frederick H. Sloan of the jewelry firm of Hansel, Sloan & Co., patient, clever burglars sat and waited their opportunity to enter the Sloan residence at Hartford and sack it of thousand of dollars' worth of jewels.

The Hartford detectives working on the case are as completely baffled as the sleuths on the Rhode Island robberies.

The robbery here, which was bold and thorough, occurred between the time the dinner guests departed and 7 o'clock in the morning, when the first maid to arise discovered the house in disorder, even the rooms in which the Sloan family peacefully slept being stripped of their choicest valuables.

The Hartford police were immediately notified and furnished a list of the stolen property. In turn the police departments of Boston, New York and Connecticut cities were advised of the burglary, which was obviously the work of professionals. Neither Sloan nor the local police will talk about the robbery or the total amount stolen beyond admitting that it is very large.

Entrance was obtained by means of a trellis through a dining room window, and once inside the burglars opened back and front doors for an emergency getaway. None of the solid silverware was taken and apparently a sum of money in Sloan's dresser was overlooked.

No finger marks were discernable and apparently the sole clue for the police to work on is the imprint of a small shoe in the soft ground beneath the dining room window.

NO TRACE OF GEMS

Detectives Still Working on the Hanan and Rumsey Robberies

Recent rumors that Mrs. John H. Hanan's jewelry, valued at $150,000, which was stolen from her home at Narragansett Pier, R. I., had been found or its location known were denied in a statement by Mrs. Hanan.

"All reports that the jewelry has been found or its whereabouts known are utterly unfounded," she said.

Charles C. Rumsey, who home was robbed of jewelry worth $125,000 on the following night, also denies his wife's gems have been found.

Detectives are still working on both cases, but no tangible clues have apparently been discovered.

WESTON IN MINNEAPOLIS

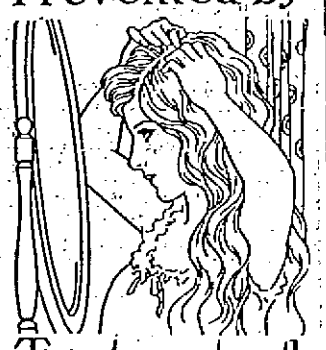
Performs Even Greater Task Than He Set For Himself

Amid the roar of cannon, the clanging of bells and the tooting of whistles, Edward P. Weston completed his tramp from New York city to Minneapolis.

The aged pedestrian, by changing his plans after leaving the metropolis, added 100 miles to his original schedule and walked 1546 miles. Leaving New York on June 2, Weston was due to reach Minneapolis on Aug. 2, but when he reached Stillwater, Minn., July 29, he was four days ahead of his schedule.

Shortly after his arrival Weston laid the mortar on the corner stone of the Minneapolis Athletic club's building, which is to be a fourteen-story affair.

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR Prevented by



Treatment with CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. Directions: Make a parting and rub gently with Cuticura Ointment. Continue until whole scalp has been gone over. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 5D, Boston.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

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August 1st.

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It's not an abnormal craving for change, for excitement, it's a normal desire to broaden one's self.

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We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

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The Scrap Book

Time to Fire Him.

A taxicab driver attempting to cross Madison avenue near Madison Square Garden while the big circus was playing there ran directly into the rear end of one of Barnum & Bailey's elephants. The big animal was not half as much jarred as the machine, but he showed his displeasure by sitting down on the hood, crushing the engine and front wheels into a mass of wreckage.

"AN ELEPHANT SAT ON THE HOOD."

The machine was dragged to its garage, and there the unlucky chauffeur was called on the carpet by the superintendent.

"How did this accident occur?" he demanded.

"Why, an elephant sat on the hood," explained the chauffeur.

"An elephant sat on the hood, did he?" repeated the superintendent. "Murphy, I've known that you've been drinking pretty hard for the past three weeks, but I didn't think you were that bad. If I had I would have fired you long ago. An elephant sat on the hood, did he? Well, you're fired!"—New York World.

Your Ideals.

Have we not all amid life's petty strife
Some pure ideal of noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings and feel it near
And just within our reach? It was, and yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret
And now live idle in a vague regret.
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen.
We always may be what we might have been.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

He Corrected Clay.

Hanna Rion, author of "Let's Make a Flower Garden," tells the following story which she got from her father, who was a protege of John C. Calhoun:

Mr. Clay was visiting Fort Hill, the Calhoun home, and during a breakfast he and Mr. Calhoun as usual began a heated argument on one of the thousand points which they did not agree upon. Mr. Clay became so engrossed he paid but small attention to the meal, and when the negro butler passed the biscuits Clay harpooned one with his fork. The old butler was startled, but he silently disappeared into the kitchen to reappear with a plate of steaming waffles. Mr. Clay, more excited over his argument than ever, snatched a waffle with his fingers. This was too much. The old negro squared himself and, interrupting an argument which might have changed history, said: "No, boss, dat won't do at all. De fingers for de biscuits and de fork for de waffles."

HARPOONED ONE WITH HIS FORK.

A Refined Looking Domestic.

One day Miss Helen Taft was met by two tourists as she left the White House grounds. With that charming and inexplicable gift for garrulity which tourists develop, they stopped her and, not knowing that she was the president's daughter, asked her a lot of questions about the White House. Miss Taft submitted and pointed out all the various interesting things about the grounds, where the apartments of the president and his family were situated and other intimate details.

"You seem to know a lot about it, my dear," said one of the women.

"Oh," replied Miss Taft laughingly, "you see I am one of the assistants to the chief cook."

As she walked away she heard one of the tourists declare:

"Quite refined looking for a domestic."—Popular Magazine.

Cutting Out the Liver.

Herbert Corey, the champion long distance anecdote teller of the world, says that where he came from in Ohio there was a strapped, hungry race track gambler who struck town and found the friend of his boyhood running a short order restaurant, says the Saturday Evening Post. The restaurant man made his old comrade welcome and at first fed him copiously, but after a week or so grew weary of so unprofitable a guest and decided to give the wayfarer a gentle hint.

So he instructed the waiters to give him only liver to eat, liver being the cheapest thing on the bill of fare. The race track man had liver for breakfast, dinner and supper—just liver and nothing but liver. He lived on liver nine days. Then on the morning of the tenth he found a twenty dollar bill on the street.

He made hotfoot for the most pretentious cafe in the place. The menu was printed in French. He beckoned the waiter to him.

"Have you eel liver here?" he asked.

"This is liver," said the waiter, pointing to a line on the card.

The gambler laid a thumb over it firmly.

"Now, then," he said, "bring me $10 worth each way from liver!"

Showing Him the Road.

Tourist—I'm just a bit doubtful which is my right road here, my good man; perhaps you can direct me—?

Villager—A treasure, sir, 'deed 'tis; that there road'll take 'e to Bill Watson's, an' this 'ere turn to 'Arry Thompson's—Bill keeps 'a' best ale, but if you want 'access as well, take this 'ere turn—Bill don't keep no shag—only twist.—London Bystander.

RIGHT AND DUTY.

Right is the faith of the individual. Duty is the common collective faith. Right can but organize resistance. It may destroy; it cannot found. Duty builds up, associates and unites. It is derived from a general law, whereas right is derived only from human will. There is nothing, therefore, to forbid a struggle against right. Any individual may rebel against any right in another individual which is injurious to him, and the sole judge left between the adversaries is force, and such, in fact, has frequently been the answer which societies based upon right have given to their opponents.

Societies based upon duty would not be compelled to have recourse to force. Duty, once admitted as the rule, excludes the possibility of struggle, and by rendering the individual subject to the general aim it cuts at the very root of those evils which right is unable to prevent and only affects to cure. Moreover, progress is not a necessary result of the doctrine of right. It merely admits it as a fact.—Joseph Mazzini.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The blinding mist came down and hid the land.
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed or fish or floating hair—,
A tress o' golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee?"

They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

—Charles Kingsley.

WAR NEEDLESS.

War is in the interest of a few people, not of all. The profits are garnered by a few, while the masses pay the taxes. A few men gain glory, while the mothers of the nation furnish the sons who make food for battlefields. War rests upon feeling, not upon necessity. As people increase in intelligence they not only take an increasing pride in deciding questions upon the basis of intelligence, but with increasing information they learn the awful cost of war as well as its uselessness. Intelligence leads us to understand the causes that lead up to war. We understand as we grow in intelligence what subsidized patriotism means, what it means for people to hide behind the plea of patriotism as they attempt to advance their own pecuniary interests.—W. J. Bryan.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

There are balms for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign.
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain.
We behold it everywhere—
On earth and in the air—
But it never comes again.

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

MAN WHO ARRIVES.

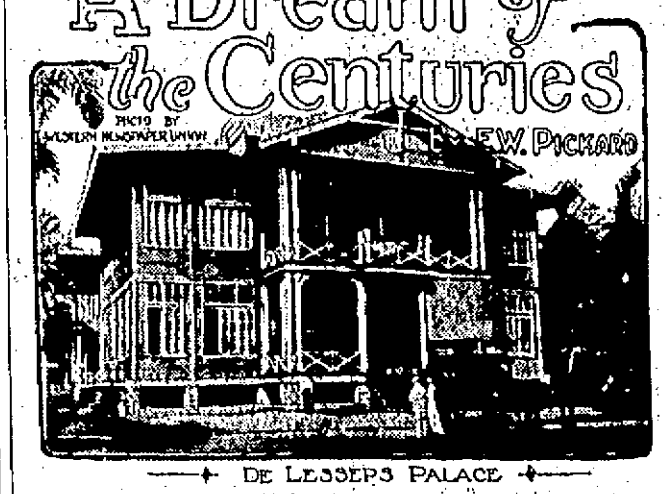
The man who arrives is the man who has will, who has a vision and looks into the future to make life worth while. In business he is not satisfied to do the work that is before him. He will do the work of the other man. He can do two men's work as well as one—the kind of man who goes to school at night to better his position. He is the kind of man you cannot down, the kind of man Paul was, for if there ever was a man to arrive it was certainly Paul.—J. D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Carefully Selected.

"By the way, Cleverly," asked the publisher, "where did you get those photographs of strong-minded, determined looking women with which you illustrate your article on 'Why Men Don't Marry?'"

"Oh," replied the author, "they're wives of the men I know."

A Dream of The Centuries



DE LESSEPS PALACE

Colon, C. Z.—"The engineer's dream of the centuries has been realized." Everyone who writes of the Panama canal feels bound to use that phrase, and though it is trite, it is no less true.

Possibly when Balboa first stood on the "Peak of Darien" and gazed entranced at the waters of what he called the Southern sea the thought of cutting through the isthmus came to him. Certainly, within three years after his great discovery of in 1516, he had transported two ships, in pieces, across from the Atlantic to the Pacific and there put them together.

It could not have been very much later that the idea of an isthmian canal was born, for during the reign of Philip II. of Spain (1556-1598) the inquisition declared that any such project to alter the face of the earth was impious, and the Spanish ruler forbade its further discussion. The ban of the church was effective for some time, but in 1699 a Scotchman of the name of Patterson revived the scheme, established a colony on the shores of the isthmus and even made a crude survey of the proposed route. Caledonian bay, on the north shore of Panama, alone preserves the memory of that attempt. French scientists in 1735 advocated a Nicaragua canal, fifty years later the Spanish government ordered a survey of the Darien route, and early in the nineteeth century von Humboldt declared a canal was practicable. In 1825, immediately after Latin America had freed itself from Spain, the Central American and United States Atlantic and Pacific Canal company was organized, and one of the directors of the concern with the high-sounding name was DeWitt Clinton. Various schemes were started and fell through, and in 1835 the United States senate voted for the building of a Nicaragua canal. An expedition was sent to that country and reported that the canal could be constructed at a cost of $25,000,000.

After the Civil war there was much negotiating by our government for a canal concession, but when the Nicaragua route seemed to be the favorite the Bogota government became impatient and gave the concession for a Panama canal to Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, a French lieutenant. He made some maps and organized a company which sold out to the financiers with whom Ferdinand de Lesseps had associated himself.

Albert Edwards in his admirable book on Panama thus describes the beginning of the tragedy of de Lesseps and his company:

"The digging of the Suez canal was the accomplishment of his life. All his vigor and energy had gone into it. He came back to Paris literally carried on the shoulders of his nation. The government made him a 'comte' and the people called him 'le grand Francais.' But he fell among thieves. The old man tumbled blindly into the trap of speculators, who foresaw a rich harvest in the drawing together of his great name and the shady concession of Lieutenant Wyse. They set the stage by summoning the scientists of the world to a great congress to discuss an Atlantic-Pacific canal. Although it was called a 'scientific' congress, most of its 136 members were speculators and politicians. Only forty-two were engineers or geographers. They elected Count de Lesseps, railroaded through a resolution that the Panama route was the only practicable one, and formed the Universal Interoceanic Canal company by buying the Wyse concession for 10,000,000 francs, before the bona fide members of the congress knew what had happened and in the face of much protest. There can be little doubt that the congress was packed like a ward caucus, but there is no evidence that de Lesseps realized that it was.

"The company was launched with many banquets, florid speeches by le grand Francais, and champagne without end. And all the time those who were on the inside were playing the market from both ends, sending the stocks tumbling down the steps of the bourse on a manufactured report that the United States was again waving the Monroe Doctrine, shooting them up again with a misquotation from the president's message to the effect that we were enthusiastic in favor of the French enterprise. A sorrier exhibition of conscienceless finance has seldom been seen."

Old de Lessepe, however, was in earnest. He sent over engineers who discovered that Wyse's maps were inaccurate and that yellow fever was deadly. Then in December, 1879, the count himself, with his wife and three children, arrived from France. After receptions and speech-making in Colon he crossed to Panama, and there, on January 1, 1880, the formal opening of the canal was performed with elaborate ceremony. Mlle. Ferdinand de Lesseps struck the first blow of a pickax at the point where the canal was to enter the Pacific, each of the party followed with a blow, and there was a vast quantity of applause and champagne.

From the very first the French company was beset with troubles. As the canal was not a government undertaking the work had to be let out to contractors, and many of these proved to be dishonest. They would take out the soft dirt, collect the stipulated price per cubic yard, and then go into bankruptcy. At Bogota the politicians not only exacted the usual blackmail, but annoyed the company with all manner of litigation, the native courts invariably ruling against the French. Worst of all, perhaps, were the yellow fever and malaria, which killed off the engineers and laborers by the thousand. In the last three months of 1884 the death rate per thousand was nearly 100, and in September, 1885, it reached 176.87. Sanitary science had not yet learned how to cope with these diseases, and there is every reason to believe that their ravages alone would have been enough to insure the failure of de Lesseps' enterprise, without the gross extravagance and the dishonesty that characterized the work.

"The crash came in 1888," says Mr. Edwards. "After eight years of as brave a fight as man had ever made against nature, the bubble burst. It is estimated that stock had been issued to the value of two hundred and fifty million dollars. It is doubtful if half this sum ever got near enough to Panama to be expended on actual work. Most of this paper was held by French peasants and people of moderate means. They had been led into it by the great name of de Lesseps. You may be sure that none of the original promoters were caught with stock

STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT CRISTOBAL

on their hands when the final break came. The scandal was immense. Many government officials were involved. The shame of it drove the old man—le Grand Francais—insane. He died a few years later in an asylum."

The company went into the hands of a receiver who organized the New French Canal company, and this concern sold all its rights and property to the United States in 1902. Many of its buildings, ranging in size from de Lesseps' palace in Cristobal to houses for laborers, were found worth preserving and have been used by the Americans. The hospital buildings at Ancon and Colon were nearly all erected by the French.

When Uncle Sam took hold of the canal work, the jungle all along the route across the isthmus was found full of expensive machinery abandoned to the ravages of rust and decay. Much of this was recovered and used in the earlier years of the American regime, and even now French dredges and locomotives may be seen at work there. Nearly all the old French equipment, however, has been sold to a Chicago wrecking concern which has been piling it up in orderly heaps and disposing of it as scrap.

Two parts of the actual work done on the canal by the French have proved of great help to the Americans. These were the dredging at the Atlantic entrance and the dry excavation in the Culebra cut.

A student looked up the word "tango" in a Latin dictionary. This is what he found: "To take in hand, carry off, to be contiguous to, to strike, beat, smear."

"Do you believe that thinking men take any mental attitude toward frivolous girls?" "Yes, a sentimental one."

Church—"Doesn't her husband talk through his nose?" Gotham—"No; his wife doesn't give him a chance."

Gink 1—"Do you drink coffee?" Gink 2—"Naw; I live at a boarding house."—Minnesota Minne Ha-Ha.

"I want some more crash in the kitchen, mum." "I don't cook, after what I heard there this morning."

"Why do they talk about laying bills on the table?" "Because they mean to dish them."

BEHAVIOR.

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it but be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things, each once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable. Men catch them from each other. Consuelo in the romance boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners on the stage and in real life. Talma taught Napoleon the arts of behavior. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast and, by the advantage of a palace, betters the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode.—Emerson.

RIGHT TO INHERIT.

The question whether inheritance is an inherent right or a grant from public society has been already considered by such great jurists as Theophilus, Cicero, Grotius, Vinnius, Cujas, Pufendorf, Bynkershoek, Leibnitz, Domeau, Lord Mansfield, Montesquieu, Merlin, Toullier, Proudhon and other equally great jurists and philosophers of all times and places, and the best thought of the world at the present time is generally conceded to be expressed by the conclusion that the right to dispose of property after death is a natural and inherent right of mankind which cannot be taken away by the state. It is said by one of the greatest of the world's jurists, Troplong, that no country is entitled to be regarded as free where a right to dispose of property by will does not exist.—Judge R. L. Fowler, Surrogate, of New York.

TO SEA!

To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er.
The wanton water leaps in sport
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
The dolphin wheels, the sea cows snort,
And unseen mermaid's pearly song
Comes bubbling up the woods among.
Fling broad the sails, dip deep the oar.
To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! Our white winged bark
Shall, billowing, cleave its watery way
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Triton's azure day,
Like mountain eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves; the ship swings free;
Our sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

—Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

STATE RIGHTS.

I solemnly believe that our political system is, in its purity, not only the best that ever was formed, but the best possible that can be devised for us. It is the only one by which free states, so populous and wealthy and occupying so vast an extent of territory, can preserve their liberty. Thus thinking, I cannot hope for a better. Having no hope of a better, I am a conservative, and because I am a conservative I am a state rights man. I believe that in the rights of the states are to be found the only effectual means of checking the overaction of this government, to resist its tendency to concentrate all power here and to prevent a departure from the constitution or, in case of one, to restore the government to its original simplicity and purity.—John C. Calhoun.

THEOCRITUS.

Demeter, rich in fruit and rich in grain, may this corn be easy to win and fruitful exceedingly.

See that the cut stubble faces the north wind or the west; 'tis thus the grain waxes richest.

They that thrash corn should shun the noonday sleep. At noon the chaff parts easiest from the straw.

As for the reapers, let them begin when the crested lark is waking and cease when he sleeps, but take holiday in the heat.

Lads, the frog has a jolly life. He is not cumbered about a butter to his drink, for he has liquor by him unstinted.

Boil the lentils better, thou miserly steward. Take heed lest thou chop thy fingers when thou art splitting cumin seed.—Songs of the Reapers.

Not Well Posted.

She. There's always a crowd round the dear old professor. He's such a wonderful conversationalist. He. Lor'! You really think so? You really think so? I tried him just now on every possible topic—bounds, bridge, golf music halls, everything, and he was simply useless.—London Punch.

GEMS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

—Julius Caesar.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—Romeo and Juliet.

True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods and meaner creatures kings.

—Richard III.

If all the years were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as work.

—King Henry IV.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.—Twelfth Night.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.—As You Like It.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

—Love's Labour's Lost.

THE FATHER'S DUTY.

The father should have a working knowledge of a boy's body, its physiology, the pathological conditions that from time to time arrive, and the relation of these both to mentality and morality. He should understand the effect of normal growth upon the boy's character development, particularly during the period of adolescence. He should be able to give instruction in sex hygiene, knowing just what to tell and how much and just when to tell it. He should understand the supreme worth of muscular co-ordination in relation to self control and how, through manual training, gymnastics and athletics, these are developed. Fathers should understand enough of psychology to discover whether their boys are motor or sensory minded, enough to know why it is that at a particular time the boy begins to think and act for himself, and why it is the youth so often questions all authority and darkening doubts so easily beset his soul. It should be the business of the father to acquaint himself with these facts, that he may intelligently and sympathetically guide and control his boy. Here is where even a little knowledge is a helpful, not a dangerous, thing.—Franklin Matthews.

NOT TOO STRAIGHT.

Paths that are both straight and narrow
Keep the feet that long to stray.
Let your course be like the arrow,
Holding to the certain way.
Yet, my brother, walk not blindly
In your tense and righteous pride.
For the deed that's fine and kindly
Never fear to turn aside.

If a brother, weak and willful,
Stumbles from the beaten path,
Though your steps are firm and skillful,
Do not turn from him in wrath.
Stretch a hand and raise and cheer him.
Do not scorn him, do not chide.
If the straight path isn't near him
Never fear to turn aside.

—W. H. Rose.

THE ARMY.

The Americans are a shrewd, wise people, usually gifted with foresight, but they have not shown it in their attitude toward the army and navy policy. Congress continues to be reluctant to maintain an adequate army. It's easy to get money for a militia, for a militia has votes and friends, but a regular army is far different. There is a saying that the Lord looks after children and drunken men. This certainly ought to be extended to the United States. Of course our separation from foreign countries by oceans is cause for not assuming too heavy a burden; but we are very, very much nearer Europe and Asia—many, many times nearer than we were in Washington's time. Occasionally we get a jar and notice our position, but luck has been with us in the past, and we cannot assume that it will always continue thus.—W. H. Taft.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well." "Then no wonder there is so much well water which is contaminated."

Wild oats have a few tares mixed with them.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Catching a Tartar.

Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, surnamed, on account of his warlike propensities, by his admirers, the "Lion of the North," and by his detractors with equal justice, perhaps, the "Madman of the North," accidentally encountered, at the Chateau Goritz, a young creature from the banks of the Volga—niece of Baron Goritz. So powerful was the impression she at once made upon the hitherto impregnable heart of the hero, so completely was he spellbound by her charms, that he seemed to lose all recollection of other matters, even of the disastrous battle of Pultowa.

The name of his enchantress was the Princess Ikia—for she was a princess, her mother, the baron's sister, having married Hetman of the Tartar. Being left an orphan of an early age, she had taken up her residence with Baron Goritz at Stralsund.

The baron was a bit of a historian—or thought he was—and was then engaged in writing a history of the king, who called upon him very often to revise and correct the work. Besides, the baron was one of the crown councillors, and was often entrusted with important business of state.

Charles the Twelfth had that desire which seems inherent in the breast of greatness—he wished to be loved for himself alone, without any regard to his state and grandeur. Consequently, he had presented himself to Ikia under the simple title of Oddut d'Olfen, and to that name he paid his court to the erratic princess; for her Tartar blood made her disregard many of the conventionalities of life, though her uncle often declared that she had the blood of the Goritzes full in her veins, and was no more a Tartar than he was—and there was not much of the Kalmuck about him.

Baron Goritz was highly delighted at the prospect of becoming the uncle of the king; but that delight was tempered by a wholesale dread of his prospective nephew-in-law. For stripping off the dazzling veil of his military glory, he must acknowledge that the "Lion of the North" was an unmitigated tyrant, and ruled his subjects in a very arbitrary manner.

Baron Goritz had proof of this one day when he received a letter from the king. It contained these words:

Baron de Goritz; Information has reached me that the Captain of Hussars, Gustavus Reinold, who was condemned to death for neglect of orders at the battle of Pultowa, but who escaped before the execution of his sentence, has been seen in Stralsund. Write instantly to the governor; tell him I hold him responsible for the appearance of this traitor. Within five minutes of his being taken and identified, let him be shot. And the person in whose house he shall be found shall forthwith be shot. CHARLES.

This letter troubled the good old baron sorely, for his niece had made him promise to intercede for this identical officer. He broke into a cold perspiration when he reflected that if he did so he should get himself shot for his pains. He wished fondly in his heart that the king and Ikia were married, because then he should be his uncle, and he could never think of shooting one of the royal family.

He wrote the order to the governor and sent it by a servant, who informed him that an officer of the police wished to speak with him. Wondering at this he hastened to the hall below. On his return, he found Ikia, a sylphid, dark-haired, dark-eyed gypsy of a woman, gazing listlessly from the large bay window into the street below. She noticed that he was in a state of perturbation.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I want to put you on your guard," he exclaimed breathlessly. "The police have sent to say that they have reason to believe that a young man is concealed somewhere in my chateau."

"I know it," answered Ikia, coolly. "I concealed him."

"You!" exclaimed the astonished baron. "Who is he?"

"Gustavus Reinold."

The baron uttered a dismal groan.

"Ikia, you have murdered me!" he cried, "and sank feebly into a chair.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," she replied, smilingly.

"I tell you that whoever harbors the traitor is to be shot—and so must I!" And the baron groaned again. "What made you take so fatal an interest in this wretched young man?"

"His misfortunes," replied Ikia. "He is innocent; I know it, and my dear mother, your sister, knew it also. Forced by a cruel and unjust sentence to fly from his country, he found refuge in ours."

"Then why the deuce did he leave it?"

"To follow me when you sent for me. Finding the pursuit so hot, I thought the best asylum for him would be your chateau."

At that moment a servant entered the room, and announced Count d'Olfen.

The baron's visage brightened with a hopeful idea.

"There is but one chance for us all!" he exclaimed; "marry the count and then—" he checked himself abruptly.

"If it depends on that, our chance is small," she returned regularly; "but listen to me—obey me, and all will yet be well. I intend to play a desperate game; but if I win, I shall save a life of far more value than my own.

She held a rapid conference with the baron, and though he listened to her at first with astonishment and alarm, she finally won him over to her purpose, and he promised to assist her, though it was with fear and trembling. But he had pretty well made up his mind by this time that he should be shot any way, and he thought it did not make much difference for what.

He withdrew, and Charles the Twelfth, as Count d'Olfen, entered the room. He wore the uniform of his favorite regiment, a light blue coat trimmed with gold, and the corners of the skirt turned back; high boots of black leather, to which a formidable pair of spurs were attached; a three-cornered black hat, a black stock, buff gauntlets and a heavy sword. He looked more like a warrior equipped for the field, than a lover seeking his lady's bower.

He felt like a timid schoolboy in the presence of this exquisite beauty, who had stormed the outworks of his heart and penetrated to the very citadel. Would anyone believe that he was Charles the Twelfth?

In her turn, Ikia also had here reflections.

"He seeks a Tartar," she thought; "he shall find one!"

"What, count?" she exclaimed, "in regimentals? How devoted you must be to the king."

"Well, I am," he exclaimed, "but I came here, as well as I can recollect, to tell you how devoted I am to you—only I confess myself awkward in such matters. I never cared for a woman before I saw you."

"Why, count, you must be the very counterpart of the king," cried Ikia, coquettishly. "They say he hates women."

"He does no such thing," replied Charles, quickly.

"How do you know?" she asked archly.

"I think I know him."

"You might as well say you think you know yourself."

"How?" he said suspiciously.

"Which no man does."

"Oh, I know you are at all events. I know what a talking, striking, bewitching creature you are! Above all I know how I love you! I am a plain blunt soldier, and like to know the worst that can happen to me. Do you love me?"

"Is that the worst that can happen to you?" she asked demurely.

"Ikia, I generally get the best of it at blows; but I own you beat me at words. I shall simply return to the charge. Do you love me?"

"I must have proof of your love before I answer that.

"What proof?"

"Would you grant any little whim of mine?"

"Certainly I would."

"Don't make any rash problems."

"I swear it."

Ikia laughed gleefully, went into an adjoining room and brought forth an antique costume, such as had been worn by the dames of 50 years ago.

"I have the greatest desire to see how you would look dressed as my grandmother," she cried.

The king was appalled.

"Death and the Dev—" he began.

"Oh, fie! no swearing in a lady's presence," she laid, checking him. "But I'm glad I've discovered what your love amounts to."

He expostulated with her, and ended, as common mortals do, by submitting to a woman's will.

She then dressed him in a heavy brocade dress, and tied the high, starched cap tightly under his chin.

"Faugh!" he cried in disgust, "this dress makes me smell like a muskrat."

"You don't like perfumes, then?"

"No—yes; one—gunpowder! I'm like Charles the Twelfth, and there's no perfume for me, but gunpowder."

"Oh, I wish I were his wife!" exclaimed Ikia fervently.

He regarded her in pleased surprise.

"What, are you in love with the king?"

"Oh, dear, no! Only one might be tempted to sacrifice one's self for the good of one's country."

Charles smiled grimly.

"You are vastly condescending," he replied. "And pray, what else would you do for the good of your country?"

"I would soften his character. I would tame this lion; and he should soon be as much beloved as he is already admired and feared."

"And how is this to be accomplished?" inquired Charles.

"Sit down and let me tell you. There, now, you must fancy yourself Charles the Twelfth."

"Well, I do," he answered with a significant smile.

"Consider me the queen," she continued, and drew a chair beside him.

"Go on," he cried, rather pleased with the conceit.

"I should devote my life to obtaining and securing his entire confidence."

"We will suppose you have it."

"Then I should use it to make him submit, on all proper occasions, to my sovereign will. I would teach him the true value of his noblest prerogative."

"Which is?"

"Mercy."

"Come, come, Charles the Twelfth is severe, I know, but he is just."

"Not always. Witness the case of Captain Reinold."

"What do you know of the culprit?" he cried.

"His sentence is unjust," she answered firmly, "and, therefore, a fit object for the interference of the queen." She rose, went to the table and took a paper from it. "Now, if I were queen I would approach the king as I do you, with this paper in my hand." She walked up to him with dignity. "I would say to him, 'Sire, your honor and your glory both require that you should put your name to this—sign.'"

He took the paper from her in surprise and looked at it.

"A pardon for Captain Reinold," he exclaimed, and his brow darkened angrily. "endeed, then, my dear little friend, if I were Charles the Twelfth, this would be my answer."

He tore up the paper.

Nothing discomposed, she immediately drew another from her pocket.

"Then," she said, and knelt at his feet, pleadingly, as she spoke. "King of Sweden, your eyes are blinded, not by justice, but by anger. When Captain Reinold was entrusted with that order he found the battle at Pultowa irretrievably lost; if he had delivered it he would only have caused a massacre of the Swedish prisoners by the remorseless Russians. For this reason alone he did not deliver it, and thus incurred your majesty's displeasure."

"I desire to know the reason of the extraordinary interest you take in this young man?" he asked.

"You shall know, count," she answered, "when you have promised to obtain his pardon from the king."

"I will make no such promise," cried Charles, sternly.

A timid knocking at the door disturbed them. Ikia would have opened it, but Charles, aware of the ridiculous manner in which he was dressed, restrained her. Then the voice of the baron was heard, in very tremulous accents, declaring that the royal council was assembled and awaited the presence of the count.

Charles, in dismay, begged Ikia to remove the dress, for he found it impossible to do so; but she only laughed at his predicament.

"Wretched girl," he exclaimed angrily, "you have forced me to declare myself. I am the king."

But she only laughed the louder.

"Sire, she answered, with a mocking courtesy, "I have known it from the first. Sign the pardon, therefore, or I will admit the council."

The king was obliged to acknowledge himself fairly vanquished. He signed the pardon and Ikia freed him from the obnoxious garments. Then she admitted her uncle and informed the king that he was all the council there was assembled and reassured the poor baron, who looked half frightened to death for the share he had taken in the little plot.

"Baron de Goritz," said Charles, "for certain reasons I have pardoned Captain Reinold. Let this pardon be sent to him at once."

Ikia took the pardon.

"There is no occasion to send it, sire," she said archly. "I can deliver it myself. Gustavus is concealed in this chateau."

"Gustavus again!" cried the king sharply. "Is this man your lover?"

"He is and would have been my husband."

"Then you have deceived me in every way."

"No, sire, you deceived yourself. Had I been ambitious I might have sealed your ruin; as it is, I have saved Sweden from a queen who would not have been worthy of her and restored to her a king who is."

He was determined she should not beat him in every way.

"Ikia," he exclaimed, "I will restore Reinold to favor, and make him a colonel; and, as I still have my doubts about him, marry him. No doubt you will teach him to obey orders in the future and may be not find—"

"What?"

"That he has caught a Tartar!"

Juvenile Altruism.

Little Paul came to ask his mother if Alfred and he might each have a cooky. His mother purposely gave him two of different sizes. Interested as to which Paul would give his guest, she stepped to the door just in time to see Paul give the smaller cake to his playmate.

"Why, Paul," she called, "don't you know that you should have kept that one yourself?"

"Yes, I know," was the nonchalant reply. "But, you see, I was afraid that if I gave Alfred the biggest one he might get sick!"

An Unusual Request.

A large, determined looking woman, undeniably from the country entered the elevator in a well known New York dry goods establishment. She was carried up and down the elevator several trips, but showed no disposition to get out at any department.

Finally the man in charge ventured to address her:

"Where do you wish to go madam?"

"Let me out as near Madison Square Garden as ye can," came the unexpected response.—Delineator.

A Non-Resident.

An English tourist was sightseeing in Ireland and the guide had pointed out the Devil's Gap, the Devil's Peak and the Devil's Leap to him. "Pat," he said (all English tourists call Irish peasants "Pat," just as they call little boys "Tommy"), "the devil seems to have a great deal of property in this district!"

"He has, sir," replied the guide, "but, but, sure, he's like all the landlords—he lives in England."—Manchester Guardian.

The Proof.

"Well, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to curry-comb a bay horse. "Me an' this here hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm 10 years."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's seven-dollar salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."—Woman's Home Companion.

True Love.

An official of the State Charities Aid association of New York, said of eugenics the other day:

"The love match is a good thing for eugenics. By this I mean that it is better for a pretty girl to marry a brave, handsome youth for love—true love—than it is for her to marry an elderly millionaire for his money.

"Mercenary people like to sneer at love in a cottage, and bread and cheese and kisses, and all that sort of thing. But these sneers are false, for when poverty comes in at the door love flies out and gets a good job."—Exchange.

The Brute.

Mother-in-Law—Has the young man who saved my life yesterday called upon you yet? Son-in-Law—Yes, indeed. He has already made his apologies.—Fliegende Blatter.

A gentle hand may lead the elephant with a hair.—Persian.

Conserving Energy.

If one half the world could be prevented from prying into the business of the other half the greatest problem in conservation of energy would be solved.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why Not.

"Now, in order to subtract," the teacher explained, "things have always to be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs."

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Had a Substitute.

Influential Member—I am glad to notice doctor, that your wife never turns her head to see who comes into church late on Sunday morning. The Rev. Dr. Goodman—No, but she makes me tell her all about them after we go home.—Chicago Tribune.

Bacon. "I see salt will remove grease spots from the top of a stove."

Egbert. "Well, if applied in a certain way, kerosene will not only remove the grease spots, but will remove the stove.

"There is one very queer thing about our system of politics."

"What is that?"

"When a man is running for office he has to tell what he stands for."

"Jones always uses honeyed speech to every one."

"Then he oughtn't to mind if he ever has to eat his words."

People are always accusing an "oldest inhabitant" of remembering things that never occurred.

"A man never knows how many friends he has until he experiences real sorrow."

"Oh, I don't know! Did you ever have it known that you had shot and brought home a deer?"—Detroit Free Press.

Brown—I got mixed up in a real estate deal last week. Browne—Did you? Brown—Yes; they did.—Sidney Bulletin.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Riches in New England Land.

BY GEORGE FRENCH.

When a soil expert from the Department of Agriculture at Washington or one of the several agricultural colleges undertakes to advise a farmer as to the crops that will pay him best to raise on his farm he reports to the owner of the land in terms of crops. He tells one one man to pull up his peach trees and plant onions. Another he advises to plant a peach orchard, or an apple orchard, as where the peach will grow the apple may be raised, and vice versa, with reservations on account of the early or late visitations of frost. He tells another man that his best prospect is hay, and yet another that he should go into the small fruits business.

But the expert reads the soil in terms of geologic history. As the coarse grains of a peculiar kind of gravel slip gritily through his fingers his imagination goes backward well into the abyssm of time and he notes the giant, pre-historic ice field grind its way across the area of New England, wearing itself away as it progressed, and depositing here and there some of the earth it had scraped off of some opposing ridge or mountain somewhere along its century-paced route from the north. He sees it stealthily come upon a low hill, push against it, rear itself up its sloping side, creep over its crest, carrying along with it all of the loose soil and a good part of the rocky constituents of the hill, to be doled out to other areas, here filling a depression, there leaving a pocket of earth that may have become loosened by the warmer sun's rays, and again leaving behind some stubborn ledge a quantity of sand, gravel and debris.

The expert knows that all soils are formed by three major processes: Disintegration of the foundation rocks; the action of the waters of the rivers and streams, and the action of the winds that take land from one area and deposit it miles, and scores of miles, from its source. These three processes are in operation all the time, as well as when the land had no human inhabitants. The action of the icefields and the volcanos was for the most part prehistoric, and has practically ceased, so far as New England is concerned. But the ice fields and the other processes have provided New England with a great variety of soils. In Rhode Island the government experts list eleven kinds of soil. In Plymouth county, Massachusetts, they found sixteen varieties. In the Nashua area, New Hampshire, there are eight. The Vergennes area, in Vermont and New York, has nine. The Orono, Maine, region has eight kinds of soil, all of glacial origin, while the Caribou region in the same state has eleven. Merrimack county, New Hampshire, has seven, all also of glacial origin, and all derived from granite. In the Connecticut Valley one would imagine there would be but one or two varieties of soil. In the lower portion there are nine.

I have been at the pains to call attention to the great variety of soil prevailing in all sections of New England in order that the great diversity of possible crops may be realized, and at draw attention to the manifest fact that the New England farmer must know just what sort of land he has to deal with. Because Jones, whose farm lies on the slope from the valley to the hills, is able to make money from his apple or peach orchards it does not follow that Smith, whose farm may be in the valley, or under the shelter of a sturdy ledge of rocks, or on the exposed hill crest, may safely invest his money in peaches or apples. Perhaps one farm is composed of soil brought by glaciers from the granite regions of New Hampshire, while his neighbor is chiefly composed of erosions from the underlying limestone. The owners of these two policies, and cultivate different crops, is they hope to be prosperous. This wide diversity of soils in New England explains in part the ill success of a proportion of the New England farmers, as well as promises much to the enterprising farmers of the present and the future. There is no typical New England soil, as there typical soils in the Western states, and in all of the prairie sections. In Oregon, for example, a farmer may adopt the policy and methods of the man who has been successful, bearing peculiarities that are apparent and well defined. In New England it is extremely hazardous to attempt to rely upon the experience of the next neighbor.

The New England soils are, most of them, good mediums for fertilization. They have the minerals, except where lime is needed, and are thus fitted for the reception and assimilation of the humus. The condition in New England is the reverse of the condition in much of the West. There the mineral fundamentals are lacking and there is an excess of humus. The soil of Texas, for example, has an almost bottomless deposit of humus, but lacks in mineral. Certain crops grow luxuriously there, and certain others cannot be assimilated.

Once I was travelling about New England with a soil expert from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and after several days looking about, and after the expert had spent several weeks going about in New England, I asked him how much more the land under cultivation in New England could be made to yield, without going to the extreme of intensive cultivation, and he said, "Ten hundred per cent." I gasped. I looked my doubt. "Yes," he said, "I mean it. Ten hundred per cent. This result could only be attained, however, by the use of the very best knowledge and methods. It cannot be hoped for, here nor elsewhere, from this generation of farmers. But how easy it would be to add a hundred per cent. to the productiveness of the New England farms! To double the yield of the total area under the plow!"

The facts about the value and productiveness of New England land are easily established. The census has shown us that New England improved land can be bought for one-quarter the cost of improved land in the Middle West and that it will produce one-third more. We are told of the total product of Illinois, for example, and asked to compare it with the product of New England, and are not invited to remember that Illinois has about four times the improved area of all New England. New England raises five times as much fruit per acre as Illinois, seven times the value in vegetables, 17 per cent. more stock per acre, and about 20 per cent. more value in certain other crops per acre.

New England is valuable for a great variety of crops, but for fruit it surpasses any other section of the country, because it is composed of the proper chemicals and because the climate is favorable for the trees and the fruit. To give the scientific reasons for the supremacy of New England as a fruit-producing region would necessitate a book. It is a fact that New England raises better apples than other regions, excepting only a portion of New York, a small portion of Pennsylvania, some of Delaware and a little section of Virginia. The chemical composition of our hillsides gives us the New England apples that have the best flavor of any apples in the world. The trees live to be a hundred years old, bearing all the time. They grow big, and produce barrels of fruit to packs from the trees in the famous fruit sections of the West and Northwest.

A Wisconsin man sold his farm there, came to southern New Hampshire and bought one of the same area, and put the difference in value in bank—some $25,000. He makes more money now than he did in Wisconsin, and his plant—his farm—stands him only about one-fourth as much.

This is about the relative cost of land in the West and in New England. I mean land that will yield as much or more gross income. That is the economic story about New England land. It is a gold mine of more value than any mine in the world. It may be made to return great dividends every year. It is good land, but at the same time it is the use that is made of it that counts—that makes the dollars for the owners.

I know a little farm that has yielded two workers more than $2,500 a year profit for many years. The pitiful thing about it is that, so far as I know, not one of the other farmers in that vicinity has learned the lesson. They are all waiting for that land to "run out." It is better every year. It is properly fed and properly worked, and it yields crops as certain and staple as the output of any factory. The owners never try experiments. They have never asked the land to do what it is not fitted to do. They go to market with a big two-horse wagon loaded with roots every day in the year. They keep the roots in pits, for the most part. They do not try to raise anything but roots. They have grown rich off a little piece of farm land that was idle when they bought it, for $700. It was an "abandoned farm" and was abandoned because the owners could not make a living off of it. They did not know how to make the land work for them.

The more one looks into this matter of the value of the farming lands in New England, the more the wonders that there is an acre of it for sale. But when he finds that he can buy the best of farming land in New England, for a third or a quarter what is asked for land not better in the West, he is lost in amazement. Then he goes on to learn that from New England land he can get bigger crops than the Western farmer can get—more corn to the acre, more wheat, more potatoes, vastly more fruit and truck—and his amazement grows.

This situation is not realized by the people of New England. They still believe that this region is a cold and sterile one, and that the gods have favored "The West" far more than they have favored New England. It is a myth, pure and simple. There is more money in New England land than in the land in any other section. The history of Aroostook county and its potatoes is as full of the romance of the land as is the history of the famous Hoosic River Valley. There are hundreds of truck raisers in New England who make more money than the most favored among the apple men of the West and Northwest, and get more for their land when they sell it. Some of the trucking land near Boston is worth $5,000 an acre, and cannot be bought for that. There is not a tale of apple success in the West that cannot be matched by the experience of apple growers in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Maine and Vermont.

There is much land in New England, two or three million acres, that is usually reckoned "waste" land—good for nothing but to keep off of the lists of the assessors of taxes. Actually, there is but a small proportion of this land that could not be made to pay large dividends on a fair valuation and the necessary amount of work and money to make it pay. Much of it is ideally fit for a planted and tended crop of white pine—a crop that will pay more than 800 per cent. profit when it matures. The farmer with 100 acres of land that has been skinned for paper or matches or firewood can, if he plants it to white pine, surely count on a crop worth from $25,000 to $50,000, at the end of 40 years, according to the than price of white pine lumber, and if he is wise and knows how to do it he can then take off a certain amount every year. Then there are sheep. They put great value into poor land. They improve poor pastures at the rate of something like 10 per cent. per annum, while cattle cause deterioration of pasture lands. In sheep and reforestation there are millions of dollars in profit for the New England farmer. He is now afraid of both propositions, without good reason.

"A trolley car is easier to dodge than an automobile." "Of course it is. A trolley car can't follow you around."

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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

All Sorts.

"My coffee is not quite sweet enough," remarked he.

"Well, if you don't like it, I suppose you'll have to lump it," said she, with a smile, passing the loaf sugar his way.—Red Hen.

Mrs. Mater. I wonder what makes that dog so afraid of me? He acts as if he thought I was going to half kill him.

Little Daughter. I dess he's seen you 'paukin' me, mamma.

Mrs. Crawford. I'll be glad when this felsehair fad goes out.

Mrs. Crabshaw. So will I, dear. I'm wearing so many different kinds that when I find a strange hair on my husband's coat I really haven't the nerve to accuse him.

The teacher was giving a test on the value of foreign money in America. When it was little Henry's turn he asked:

"Harry, how much is a guinea worth in this country?"

Harry smiled and answered: "A dollar and a half a day."—Everybody's.

"What has vaunted science done for nervous diseases?"

"Good heavens, man! It discovered them."—Life.

"Do you pay much attention to public sentiment?"

"No; I always look the other way when I see a young couple holding hands in the park."—Chicago News.

"Oh, Jack, dear; I went to a fortune teller today and she's simply wonderful." "What did she tell you?" "Why, when she found out about our engagement she said right off that the wedding was set for June."—Boston Transcript.

Barber. How would you like to have your hair cut, sir?

Customer. With scissors, sir! Did ye s'pose I wanted it done with a scythe?

Mr. Blinks (in art museum) I didn't know you were such an admirer of curios, Mr. Blunderby.

Mr. Blunderby. Oh, yes, indeed. I just delight in iniquities.—Boston Transcript.

Bobby. Mummy, am I descended from a monkey?

Mother. I couldn't tell you, dear; I never knew any of your father's people.—London Opinion.

Spurgeon was once asked if the man who learned to play a cornet on Sunday would go to heaven.

The great preacher's reply was characteristic. Said he: "I don't see why he should not, but"—after a pause—"I doubt whether the man next door will.—Stray Stories.

"It's feminine instinct to look for trouble," says the Manayunk Philosopher. "Even a hen does all the brooding for the family."—Philadelphia Record.

The meat trust makes the lover of pork chops bristle with indignation.

If a man is smart enough to fool a woman it is because she wants to be fooled.

A man has to have considerable of the divine afflatus to find poetic inspirations in his back yard.

Miss Bright—Hasn't Miss Oldin got searching eyes?

Miss Right—Well, she ought to have; she's been looking for a husband for 30 years.

What does Harold call his motor boat? asked Maude. "I can't say exactly," replied Maymie. "But I'm sure what he called it when his wife was trying to start the engine wasn't the name painted on the bow."—Washington Star.

Lawyer—Do you mean to tell me the plaintiff was drunk?

Witness—Well, no; but you couldn't call him ostentatiously sober.—Judge.

Her Dearest Friend—Do you really obey Charley? Mrs. Newlywed—Certainly. He tells me to please myself, and I always do.—Judge.

Mighty few fellows can fall in love without fracturing something.—Philadelphia Record.

Mantell—I had no idea that Banks was worth more than ten millions. Dunlop—He wasn't till the government dissolved his trust.—Brooklyn Life.

Marrying a man with an impediment in his speech is right, if there is no impediments to the hand that reaches for his pocket book.

"Didn't she marry her money?"

"I rather think it was for alimony."

A man of words is a person, but a man of deeds is a personage.

Either take things as they come or turn your back and let them go.

"My wife and myself had another foolish quarrel."

"About what?"

"About where we would go if we had money enough to travel."

Kid—What is it that occurs once in a minute, twice in a week, and yet only once in a year?

Gent—What is it?

Kid—The letter E.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Doctor—I believe you have some sort of poison in your system.

Patient—Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?

"Bridget, does your mistress assist you in cooking?"

"Yis; very much."

"How does she do it?"

"By kaping out of the kitchen."

He—Refuse me and I shall never love another.

She—Does that also hold good in case I accept you?—Philadelphia Record.

"Is your doctor an eclectic in his practice?"

"No; he's a teetotaler.'

"What do you do when you get in deep water for speeding?" "Send for the first friend I can think of to bail me out."

"Darn those cats!" "Don't shoot, Abner. I think the one with the contralto voice is our Tabby."

The Bible says the earth was created for man, and the average financier seems to think he is the man.

There is no effect without a cause, except when a woman changes her mind.

"That young reformer who is running for office promises some sweeping reforms." "With the vacuum system?"

A poor excuse is better than none, and many an old maid regards a husband as a poor excuse.

Historical and Genealogical

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

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MISS E. M. TILLEY,
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Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1913.

NOTES.

Probate matter in Town Council Restored, Vol. XII.—E. M. T.

Concluded.

Nash, Thomas, Newport [Mariner] Will. Dated ——, 1757. Rec. July 6, 1765. Executor, Francis Rozent.—p. 169.

Nason, John, "who died at Monts Christil" Adm. John Lyon, Jr. petitioned June 14, 1759.—p. 192.

Nason, John, Newport Mariner. Inventory, Sep. 8, 1759.—p. 201.

Nichols, Benjamin, Newport Mariner. Account, by Jonathan and Frances Nichols, executors, Feb. 7, 1757.

Nichols, Jonathan, Esq. Newport. Will, dated Aug. 29, 1756. Rec. Sept.—1757. Executor, brother, Benjamin Nichols.—p. 54. Adm. granted Sept. 20, 1756. Inventory taken Sept. 14, 1756. Rec. Sep. 21, 1756.—p. 59.

Nichols, Jona. Son of Hon. Jonathan, dec. Guardianship, to uncle Benj. Nichols, Sep. 20, 1756. Rec. Sep. 21, 1756.—p. 61.

Norcross, Philip Newport Mariner. Admin., to Samuel Norcross of Newton, Mass., brother of Philip, May 26, 1756.—p. 38.

Norton, Nathaniel, Newport Tayler. Will, dated June 15, 1757. Rec. July 5, 1757. Executors, Rev. Jeremiah Leaming, Abraham Dennis, and Robert Duncan.—p. 108. Inventory, July 4, 1757. Adm. granted to last two executors, July 4, 1757.—p. 110.

Osbon, Edward. Will, date gone. Rec. Sep. 6, 1757. Executrix, wife Mary.—p. 114. Adm. granted Sep. 5, 1757.—p. 116. Inventory Aug. 29, 1757.—p. 121.

Partelon, John, Newport Carter. Will, dated May 31, 1757. Rec. Nov. 8, 1757. Executor, son, Richard.—p. 128. Adm. granted Nov. 7, 1757.—p. 123. Inventory presented Nov. 7, 1757.—p. 125.

Pate, John, Newport Distiller. Will. (Incomplete.) Dated Oct. 27, 1759. Rec. Dec. 6, 1759.—p. 224. Inventory Dec. 8, 1759.—p. 226. Admin. granted to widow Sarah Pate. Constant Bally refused. Dec. ——, ——.—p. 225.

Peckham, Clement, Newport Joyner. Will, dated May 20, 1758. Rec. June 8, 1758. Executors wife Elizabeth Peckham & friends Nathaniel Coggeshall and Samuel Burrough, of Newport. Inventory May 13, 1758.—p. 84. Adm. granted June 7, 1758.—p. 86.

Peckham, Jane, Newport widow. Will, dated Jan. 24, 1752. Rec. May ——. Executors, two sons, (not named.—p. 180. Inventory, presented, May 7, 1759. Adm. 1759.—p. 181.

Pike, George, Guardianship, to uncle Thomas Rogers, Ap. 4, 1757.—p. 96.

Power, James, Newport Mariner. Admin., to James Hardy, Jan. 3, 1757.—p. 81.

Proud, John, Will, dated Aug. 27, 1757. Rec. Nov. 8, 1757. Executor, son, John. Inventory, Nov. 7, 1757.—p. 127.

Reynolds, Richard, Newport Mariner. Admin., to widow Leah, Dec. 24, 1757.—p. 134.

Rice, George, Newport Mariner. Admin., to Job Townsend, town treasurer, at request of widow, Mary Rice, Ap. 3, 1758.—p. 150.

Robinson, George, Newport Mariner., Admin., to Thomas Moffat, physician, and John Miller, Merchant of Newport. July 5, 1756. Rec. July 6, 1756.—p. 48.

Rodman, Clarke. Account, by Thomas Rodman, one of the administrators; son of Clarke Rodman, Aug. 27, 1756. Rec. Aug. 27, 1756.—p. 51.

Sabin, Benjamin, Newport Cordwainer, Admin., to Henry Sabin, Nov. 7, 1757.—p. 124.

Sanford, Daniel, Newport Mariner. Will, dated Sep. 2, 1755. Rec. July 6, 1756. Executors, Nicholas Easton, and Gardner Thurston.—p. 41. Inventory presented July 5, 1756. Admin., July 5, 1756.—p. 42.

Sanford, Joseph, Jr. Newport Shopkeeper. Will, dated May 19, 1759. Rec. June 5, 1759. Codicil May 24, 1759. Executor, father Joseph Sanford and Rev. Gardner Thurston.—p. 184-185-186. Adm. June 4, 1759.—p. 192. Inventory (part) July 2, 1759.—p. 193.

Sanford, Peleg, Newport Mariner, deceased Ap. 20, 1756. Admin., to brother Income, Oct. 4, 1756. Rec. Oct. 5, 1756.—p. 64. Inventory taken Oct. 4, 1756. Brother Income showed estate.—p. 64.

Sheldon, Johnston, Newport Mariner. Inventory. Presented Sep. 5, 1757. Shown by Mary, his widow.—p. 115.

Shrieve, Adm. Guardianship, to Samuel Mumford of Newport, cordwainer, Oct. 3, 1757.—p. 121.

Shrieve, Sarah, Newport widow. Will, dated Mar. 4, 1756. Rec. Ap. 6, 1756. Executor, Samuel Mumford, of Newport, cordwainer.—p. 21. Inventory presented Ap. 5, 1756.—p. 22.

Shrive, Daniel, Guardianship, to Samuel Mumford, cordwainer, Ap. 5, 1756.—p. 23.

Sisson, Benjamin Guardianship, to father Robert Ap. 4, 1757.—p. 91.

Smith, George, Newport Mariner. Administration, to widow Sarah Smith, Ap. 6, 1756.—p. 24. Inventory presented Ap. 5, 1756.—p. 24. Account, by widow Sarah Feb. 6, 1758.—p. 143.

Stewart, Duncan, Inventory, presented Nov. 7, 1757. Account, Nov. 7, 1757.—p. 126.

Strengthfield, William. Account, by Phebe Strengthfield, Adm. Aug. 20, 1759.—p. 198.

Strengthfield, William, Jr. Account of. By Phebe Strengthfield, guardianship widow of William, and mother of William, Jr., Aug. 20, 1759. Petition to sell real estate.—p. 197.

Stutson, Joshua, Newport Mariner, Admin. to Joseph Hammond, Sep. 3, 1759.—p. 201.

Taggart, Henry, Newport "bound on a voyage to sea," Will. Executors wife Mary & Friend Peter Bours. dated —— 2, ——. Rec. May 4, 1756.—p. 27. Adm. granted May 8, 1756.—p. 28. Will attested June 7, 1756.—p. 33. Inventory taken May 3, 1756.—p. 28.

Tayer, Benjamin, Admin., to sons John and Benjamin Tayer, Ap. 5, 1756, widow Lydia refusing. p. 22.

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Taylor, Mathu, Dau. of Nathaniel, Taylor and Elizabeth, deceased, Guardianship to grandmother Elizabeth Arnold, widow, July 4, 1757. p. 136.

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7446. POTTER—Ancestry of first wife of Thomas (5) Potter (Content 4, Content 3, John 2, Robert 1), of Cranston, R. I. He married second, Hannah Cory, widow of William Potter of Scituate, R. I.—F. T. H.

7447. POTTER. Ancestry of Elizabeth, wife of Content 4, Potter (Content 3, John 2, Robert 1,) of Cranston, R. I. He died 1770.—F.T. H.

7448. POTTER. WRIGHT—Ancestry of Sarah Wright, wife of Content 3 Potter (John 2, Robert 1), of Warwick, R. I. He died 1704.—F. T. H.

7449. RANDALL—Ancestry of Abail, wife of William 3 Randall (William 2, William 1,) of Providence, R. I. He died in 1742.—F. T. H.

7450. RANDALL. HILL—Ancestry of Elizabeth Hill, wife of Job 4 Randall (William 3, William 2, William 1), of Providence, R. I.—F. T. H.

"I am lucky in being taken ill here in New York, instead of being laid up somewhere else."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

"Yes. For all this money I'll have to pay you I'd have to be ill anywhere else for more than two months."—New York World.

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"I don't be too rough on me, ma'am; I ain't never had a door."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NAMES OF DEPOSITORS

IN THE

Savings Bank of Newport

As required by Section 17, Chapter 237 of the Banking Laws of the State of Rhode Island.

Bryer, Benjamin	New York City
Burr, Frank A. M.	Newport, R. I.
Burns, Mary A. Geoffroy	New Shoreham
Brown, Julia J.	Newport, R. I.
Carr, George C., Trustee	Newport, R. I.
Cory, Lucy M.	Middletown
Curley, Michael	Newport, R. I.
Davis, Mary E.	Newport, R. I.
Dodge, Jennie T.	New Shoreham
Doyle, Alice M.	New Shoreham
Grinnell, Herbert A.	Little Compton
Graf, Gottlieb	Middletown
Hall, Robert D., Jr.	Melville Station
Hessy, Mary	Newport, R. I.
Hooper, Laura M.	New Shoreham
Horgan, Elizabeth	Newport, R. I.
Howland, Charles C.	Newport, R. I.
Johnston, Nellie	Newport, R. I.
Johnson, Samuel	Middletown
Keeley, Elizabeth, Trustee	Boston, Mass.
Landaw, Carl H.	Troy, N. Y.
Landaw, Fred A.	Newport, R. I.
McIver, George	Newport, R. I.
McNamara, Margaret	Newport, R. I.
Millikin, Catherine E.	New Shoreham
Millikin, Maud A.	New Shoreham
Newbold, Maude S. Ledyard	Newport, R. I.
Newton, Phillip S.	San Francisco, Cal.
O'Brien, Mary	Newport, R. I.
Patten, Eliza B.	Newport, R. I.
Potter, Edward C.	New York
Seabury, William H.	Little Compton
Stacy, Mrs. William T.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Annie C.	Newport, R. I.
Sullivan, Hannah P.	Newport, R. I.
Sweeney, William S.	Newport, R. I.
Westcott, Marcy V. Dunn	New Shoreham
Willis, Hannah R.	New Shoreham

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NOTICE

To Taxpayers.

OFFICE OF COLLECTOR OF TAXES,
City Hall Newport, R. I.

The tax bills for 1913 are now in my hands for collection and must be paid on or before August 31, 1913.

The time allowed by the Representative Council for the payment of this tax expires on the thirty-first day of August, now, and according to said ordinance (as authorized by the laws of the State) all taxes not paid on or before that date shall carry, until collected, a penalty at the rate of 12 per centum per annum.

Checks accepted.

Office hours 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

E. W. HIGBEE,
7-26-w Collector of Taxes.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 6th, 1913.

Estate of James F. Egan.

PETITION in writing is made by John J. Egan, of said Newport, praying for reasons thereof stated, that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of James F. Egan, a person of full age, of said Newport; and said petition is received and referred to the twenty-fifth day of August instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days once a week, in the Newport Mercury, citation having been served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-9-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 4th, 1913.

Estate of Thomas Horgan.

WILLIAM H. HORGAN, Administrator of the estate of Maurice S. Horgan, late of said Newport, deceased, who was Administrator of the estate of Thomas Horgan, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said Thomas H. Horgan, deceased, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the twenty-fifth day of August instant at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-9-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 4th, 1913.

Estate of William G. Weaver.

FRANK F. NOLAN, Executor of the will of William G. Weaver late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows payment to the residuary legatee and the same is received, and referred to the twenty-fifth day of August instant at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-9-3w Clerk.

Probate Court City of Newport, August 4th, 1913.

Estate of Shearman C. Weaver.

FRANK F. NOLAN, Administrator of the estate of Shearman C. Weaver, late of said Newport, deceased, present his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a credit for the sale of real estate, and shows distribution; and the same is received, and referred to the Twenty-fifth day of August instant at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-9-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 4th, 1913.

Estate of Thomas Horgan.

WILLIAM H. HORGAN, Administrator de bonis non of the estate of Thomas Horgan, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution among the heirs-at-law and the same is received, and referred to the twenty-fifth day of August instant at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-9-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., July 7th, 1913.

Estate of Bertha K. Tyler.

GEORGE W. TYLER, Administrator of the estate of Bertha K. Tyler, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed; the expenses of her funeral, and of supporting her family, and selling her estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of her death, was seized and possessed of one certain lot of land containing about 7 acres, more or less, with dwelling house, and other improvements thereon situated in the western part of said New Shoreham, and bounded Northerly on land of Gust Anderson and the highway; Easterly, on land of George W. Tyler and the highway; Southerly on land of Otis P. Mott, and Westerly on land of Giles P. Dunnand Gust Anderson, or however otherwise the same may appear to be bounded.

And further representing, that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the 4th day of August, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
7-26-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., July 7, 1913.

Estate of George Tyler.

GEORGE W. TYLER, Administrator of the estate of George Tyler of said New-Shoreham, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received, and referred to the 4th day of August at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
7-26-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., July 7, 1913.

Estate of John R. Lewis.

REQUEST in writing is made by Cordelia J. Ball, Nicholas Ball and Jesse Lewis, heirs at law of John R. Lewis, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that Ray G. Lewis, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 4th day of August at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
7-26-3w Clerk

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., July 7th, 1913.

Estate of John W. Smith.

REQUEST in writing is made by Bertha B. Smith, widow of John W. Smith, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that she said, Bertha B. Smith of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, and said request is received and referred to the 4th day of August at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
7-26-3w Clerk.

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Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

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